The Australian
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 21, 1953

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Pages 11-19

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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 21, 1953 — Vol. 21, No. 21


## DRESSING FOR THE QUEEN

THE Queen has asked that Australians do not spend money unnecessarily on formal clothes for the Royal visit next year.

Stating this, the Minister in charge of the Royal visit, Mr. Eric Harrison, mentioned that at evening functions men who did not own evening dress might wear dinner jackets or lounge suits, and that at day functions men could wear either morning dress or a lounge suit.

*At garden parties everyone should wear "their best, whatever it may be."*

"Their best, whatever it may be," strikes exactly the homely and realistic note that endears the Queen to her subjects.

*It is pretty certain that most women attending Royal functions will have new dresses. For women a new dress is a pleasure in itself, second only to the excitement of seeing Her Majesty.*

Many a woman can make herself a dress to stand comparison with model frocks. Men's clothes are another matter. In fact, male society today could be divided into three classes: Those who own a navy suit but can't afford a dinner suit; those who have a dinner jacket but not a tail coat; and those who can afford all three.

*In view of the official ruling men may be comfortable in the knowledge that "their best, whatever it may be," will be correct.*

It is a safe assumption that even the Australian man, not normally noted for his dress-consciousness, will be as anxious as his wife to make the most of his appearance for a Royal occasion.

## Our cover:

● When staff photographer Clive Thompson was photographing calceolarias grown by Mr. R. Skan, of Manly Vale, N.S.W., he selected one of the plants as a sitting cover shot, and it was. On page 11 are more pictures of calceolarias, which are not as well known in some States as they deserve to be.

## This week:

● In preparing the Summer Gardening Section for this issue our Home Gardener, Mr. Reg Edwards, travels from the care of near exotic calceolarias to the homely topic of getting the grass to grow under your feet.

● A house which may be added to as the family increases, or as finance becomes available, interests all home builders and planners. Many such homes were built in the years when regulations restricted the size of dwellings, no matter how much money was spent. On page 59 are the plan and some views of the home built four years ago by Mr. and Mrs. George Dawson, of Seaforth, N.S.W., who planned to conform with the regulations then in force, to be added to later.

## Next week:

● If you are planning your own wedding this summer you will find our bridal section next week a practical guide in the all-important choice of clothes and accessories for this all-important occasion. There is a page of veils and headdresses, which will give you new ideas, and pictures of some of the most beautiful wedding gowns we've ever seen. Flowers—at the church and reception and on the bridal table, as well as those worn or carried—are the perfect complement to traditional wedding finery. An article illustrated in color shows you the latest trends in floral decoration, some so simple that your family could arrange the flowers themselves.

● Next week we announce full details of a wonderful new contest, in which the prizemoney totals £2000. Readers have often taken the trouble to write to us to tell us how much they enjoy our contests; and we feel sure that this one will meet with the all-round satisfaction that others have in the past.

## *Jazz age makes the setting of poignant novel*

**Book review by AINSLIE BAKER**

"SAVE ME THE WALTZ," by Zelda Fitzgerald, wife of Scott Fitzgerald, tragic literary darling of the 1920's in America, can be viewed from two angles.

Firstly, it is a valuable addition to the not inconsiderable existing bibliography on Fitzgerald himself.

Secondly, it is a unique and fascinating piece of writing by a woman who was brilliant, volatile, and unstable, and fated to die of a mental illness, the beginning of which can just be discerned in the exciting high tension of her prose.

The autobiographical aspect of "Save Me the Waltz" is thinly disguised.

Fitzgerald is the successful young painter, David Knight; Zelda becomes Alabama, the gay southern belle whom he marries and carries into the feverish, gin-drinking world of his success.

A great deal that Fitzgerald admirers have long known is here. The party in Paris that went on for weeks on end; the wild love for each other that so disastrously devoured the artist and his wife; and then the failure of that love, leaving Alabama lost and without purpose.

It is then that Alabama, like Zelda, tries to make a career of her own as a ballet dancer.

The chapters where Alabama — too late — dedicates herself to the relentless discipline of the ballet studio are grim. After three years of stern self-sacrifice she is accepted as solo dancer by an Italian opera company. Soon after she takes up her appointment a poisoned toe puts an end to her career.

When she has recovered, Alabama goes back with David to the small American town where she was born to see her dying father.

It must have been a cry from the tortured heart of Zelda herself, when Alabama observes of this homecoming:

"It was good to be a stranger in a land when you felt aggressive and acquisitive, but when you began to weave your horizons into some kind of shelter it was good to know that hands you loved had helped in their spinning . . ."

It is interesting, in view of the general acceptance of the Fitgeralds as the personification of the jazz age, that Zelda writes about 1931 not as a contemporary but as someone looking back a long way and attempting to explain.

Of the cocktails, the parties, and the restless pursuit of pleasure, for which both the Fitzgeralds paid so dearly, she writes, "It was just a lot of youngness."

If there was ever a "human document," it is this novel.

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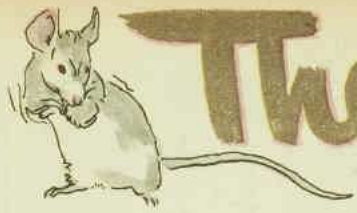
# The Mouse

***When a pretty blonde girl rang his front doorbell late that night David knew that he had a good story.***



A complete short story by LUCY CORES

Illustrated by Dunlop

PORTRAIT of the author as a sick man," David said glumly, contemplating his reflection in a mirror. The tip of his nose was pink, and his eyes were glazed. An inactive typewriter loomed reproachfully in the background, bringing sad thoughts of impending deadlines and unforthcoming plots.

David let himself down gently upon the couch and clapped a solicitous hand to his brow. Barely warm. No burning fever on which to blame the complete lack of ideas. Besides, a cold had never before interfered with his work.

As a matter of fact, Hush Shane—the fabulous detective who prowled monthly the pages of "Crimeways," never speaking above the laryngitic whisper that was his trade-mark—had been created when David himself was down with laryngitis. Until now he had had no trouble keeping Hush Shane supplied with dames and corpses.

His clock said 9.30 when the frantic ringing of the doorbell jolted him awake. David, weaving a little, went to the door.

A small but beautiful blonde in a state of extreme terror catapulted past him into the hall, closed the door behind her, and leaned against it, panting, in the familiar pose of a fleeing heroine. David looked at her foolishly; obviously he was still asleep.

But no. The girl spoke in a low, thrilling voice. "I'm dreadfully sorry. But I simply panicked when I saw it."

"It?" asked David.

"The mouse," the girl explained. "There's a mouse in my flat. Ugh!"

This jerked everything into focus. The girl stopped being a woman of mystery and became the pretty blonde from across the hall with whom he had occasionally shared the lift and exchanged a polite smile.

"You must think me an awful fool," she said, "but mice terrify me. Would you go and see if the little horror is still there?"

David went across the hall into her flat and found it mouseless. The girl listened to his report with what is known in the trade as "fear-shadowed eyes."

"That merely means he's in there waiting," she lamented. "And the caretaker has gone to the pictures."

David said, "I have a mousetrap. Let's see if I can find it."

Her blue eyes widened in incredulous admiration as he brought it to her. "Gee!" David thought wonderingly. "Imagine a pretty girl like that beating her way to your door for a better mousetrap!"

Speechless, she followed him back to her flat. A careful examination of her kitchen revealed a mousehole.

David baited the trap with a tasty bit of cheese, put it in front of the hole, and then, followed by thanks and benedictions, returned to his flat.

Whistling gently, he wandered over to the typewriter and ran a soundless arpeggio over the keys. Then he began typing.

*Hush Shane lolled in his swivel chair and watched flies crawling across the ceiling. Night was crowding the windows, and they gave back the reflection of a man saturninely handsome but not happy. Twenty stories below him a dim city rumbled and toiled.*

*"Nothing ever happens," Shane said in the laryngitic whisper that resulted from a Capelli-gang bullet's flicking his vocal cords.*

*A sound made him pivot. There, plastered against the doorjamb, was a girl. He gave her time, watching her, liking the lovely line of her tense body.*

*A little color pinked her cheeks under his gaze. He said quietly, "What's up?"*

*The girl let out a long-held breath and came towards him. "I'm sorry," she said. "I know it's late, but . . ."*

*"Don't be sorry," said Hush Shane in his curiously hushed voice. "That's what I'm here for. Get it off your chest, beautiful."*

*"I think," said the girl, lifting to him a pair of terror-shadowed eyes, "I've just missed being murdered." A strong shudder shook her. "By The Mouse."*

*A small, sceptical frown twisted Shane's dark brows. If this were true, it would be the first time The Mouse had missed. He was a successful killer, a specialist who had flourished in this city two years without being caught. Shane listened attentively.*

*It had happened last night. She had awakened at midnight to hear someone moving in her bedroom and to see an evil and amorphous shape materialising against the square of her windows. She had screamed, and her screams had brought the lift boy, who frightened away the intruder. He went down the fire escape and disappeared into the night.*

*"Nasty," Shane whispered sympathetically, "but not necessarily The Mouse. The only way you can tell it's The Mouse is by what he leaves behind him—afterwards."*

*The girl's pretty lips twisted with loathing. "You mean—this?" She held out a tiny tinfoil-wrapped package.*

*Shane's own lips thinned. Even before he unwrapped it he knew what he would find—the gruesome signature the killer always left behind him after a successful murder: A dead mouse.*

*"I found it," the girl said, "just inside my bedroom, where the—the creature dropped it . . ."*

The doorbell rang again. David answered it and again was confronted by his blonde visitor. "Oh dear," she murmured. "I've interrupted your work. I'm so sorry."

"Don't be sorry," David said. "That's what I'm here for."

"It's sweet of you," she began, and then looked at him curiously. "What happened to your face?"

"Oh!" David reddened and lifted his voice to normal level. "Won't you come in?"

"You are the kindest man I've ever bothered, Mr. Poole," she said, coming in and looking about her with the

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*When the doorbell rang Virginia frowned and murmured, "At this hour!"*



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*Instalment three of a four-part serial*

# The Maras Affair

**By ELIOT REED**

*FEARING for the safety of beautiful ANNA MARAS, his assistant, CHARLES BURTON, representative of the London Star-Dispatch in an Iron Curtain capital, in collusion with Anna's father, PROFESSOR ANTON MARAS, begins negotiations to smuggle her out of the country.*

*Anna and her father both formerly worked in the underground resistance movement. Lately she has roused the suspicions of POLICE COMMISSIONER SESNIK by her association with the suspected underground workers PERO TROVIC and STEPHEN SOKOLNY.*

*It was Sokolny, working as a casual journalist, who first told Burton of an impending escape plan, referring him to a watchmaker, DOVINYE. Following the murder of Sokolny, Burton takes his watch to Dovinye, who in turn refers him to a photographer, SETTEMBRINI.*

*Settembrini is organising a big escape on the day of a national mourning ceremony at Ranawitz near the border. He instructs Burton to put Anna on one of the trains there and Burton plans to go with her on the pretext of covering the ceremony for their paper.*

*Meanwhile the city is tense over the arrival of PRESIDENT RIECKE, former friend of Professor Maras, now a deserter from the resistance movement. Anna's friend, BABETTE TREPLEVA, is to dance at the Opera House gala in his honor. NOW READ ON:*

BURTON called for Anna in a cab that evening, and when they joined the excited throng in the brilliantly lit Opera House, he thought she had never looked more lovely.

"If your father's old friend sees you tonight," he said, "he'll invite you to the State box."

"Poor old man." She smiled. "I think he is very lonely these days."

The box was empty, yet eyes were constantly turning towards it, noting the details, the emblems, the flags, the greenery of pot plants. People looked at watches, and looked again a minute later. There was more excitement in the tuning-up noises of the orchestra. The conductor came to his stand amid applause, but the house lights were not lowered, and he waited, like all the rest.

He stood there relaxed for a moment, then suddenly tightened up, rapped on his desk, and lifted his baton. The orchestra was on its feet, the whole house rose, a discreet spotlight picked out the box, and the old man stepped forward, followed by Varlein, Halvic, and the chiefs of the Army and Air Force in uniform.

Everyone stood rigid while the orchestra played the "Internationale." It was impressive. The house was devout. Then, at the close, the cheers and hand-clapping swelled up and the old man bowed and bowed again.

Against the background of uniforms he was a simple figure in a heavy tunic with a military collar. He wore only one decoration, the medal of honor given him by his own supreme council.

The house lights faded, a hush followed the noise, once more the conductor rapped on his desk. It was a mixed programme of ballet and opera. Quickly, almost before the audience could settle down, the performance of "Les Sylphides" began.

Babette danced. Up to the last minute Vera Kurtz had had treatments, but had been compelled to remain in her dressing-room. Once more Babette started shakily, but gained control of herself before the end.

Anna complained when the lights came up: "She will not relax. She worries too much."

"Yes. You wait here." Burton looked at the crush in the aisles. "I have to see Settembrini about some pictures."

Settembrini was waiting in the bar. He said: "We are ready to take the girl. Have you decided?"

Burton nodded. "She has not yet consented, so you'll have to make the necessary arrangements."

Settembrini smiled and made a magicians' pass with his hands. "All the arrangements have been completed. There is only one thing for you to do. Put her on the nine o'clock train from the Alexis Station."

"There'll be letters to give her when she's clear."

"Let me have them before Friday. And be careful, Burton, how you behave. If you arouse any suspicion the Police Judiciary will make it impossible for you to continue your work here. They are used to putting two and two together. They even have been known to do more complicated sums. There is a man standing at the end of the bar at this moment, the one with the glass of tea in his hand. Do you see him? He is quite a mathematician. He has been eyeing us ever since we pushed out of the crowd into this quiet corner. By the way, the watchmaker Dovinye was arrested this morning. Please keep your face straight."

"Sesnik?"

"I believe so."

"Because of my visit?"

"The whole world goes to a watchmaker. It is a question whether Sokolny was liquidated soon enough."

"Then you may be in danger?"

"I don't think so. Dovinye had other irons in the fire. There is nothing to show that he sent you to me. We are, after all, old acquaintances."

"But they have ways. He may talk."

"No, my friend, Dovinye will not talk. He always carried with him some cyanide. He had the good sense to swallow it." Settembrini laughed. "You had better rejoin the beautiful Anna. The first bell has gone. Starensky is in good voice just now and you mustn't miss him."

Anna was not in her seat. Burton looked round the crowded house uneasily. People were hurrying along the aisles and settling themselves. President Riecke and his party were conversing at the back of their box. Riecke moved forward to his chair and the others followed his example.

As Burton looked round once more he caught sight of Anna in one of the large boxes on the grand tier close to the president's. She was talking to a young man; then, a moment later, she was leaving him, and she regained her seat just as the lights were dimmed down.

"I saw a friend of mine," she said.

The orchestra had begun and a moment later the curtain rose on an apartment in the Kremlin. Burton looked up at the box from which Anna had come. The young man was leaning forward from one of the rear seats and his face was clearly visible in the light from the stage.

Burton was sure he had never seen him before. He looked again, then turned to glance at Anna. Her eyes were fixed on the scene. She seemed serene, relaxed. He watched her, and saw her lean forward slightly. Boris had entered, and Starensky really was in good voice.

The whole house was tense as the scene developed. Boris meditated sadly the unrest in his kingdom. Shuisky came to tell of rebellion in Poland. Dmitri was on the march, the false Dmitri, for the true Tsarevitch had been slain; Shuisky himself could bear witness to the crime, and did so, leaving Boris in the grip of his torturing conscience.

Now the score spun to the climax of the striking clock scene. Haunted by the vision of the murdered Dmitri, Boris shrank in terror. The great moment for the rapt spectators had come. Boris tottered and fell upon his knees, and at that instant a woman screamed wildly in the auditorium.

Hearing the scream, Burton instinctively caught Anna to him. They both looked up at the grand tier. Burton's eyes went to the box that Anna had visited. The first thing he saw was light from the corridor through the open door of the box.

Two figures moved against the square of light. One was the young man Anna had spoken to. The other was Trovic.

He had pushed the screaming woman roughly aside. Now he leapt on to the balustrade and flung something violently into the State box. Halvic threw himself in front of Riecke in a hopeless effort to deflect the missile.

There was a flash of light and a shattering detonation and dust blotted out the flag-hung box. Then stuttering through the screams of terror came the sound of a machine pistol.

Burton turned again to peer at the State box through the cloud of plaster dust.

President Riecke hung limply over the wreckage of the balustrade among the shredded flags. He had obviously been killed instantly. Then the panic began.

Burton was forced into the aisle by the rush towards the exits, but managed to keep his hold on Anna. For a moment they were borne along, helpless against the pressure; then he pushed the girl between two rows of deserted seats and waited with her. Others, scattered in twos and threes over the floor of the house, had similarly found refuge from the mad crush of screaming women and yelling men.

The great golden curtain was down, but Burton had no recollection of its being lowered. He had had a vague glimpse of people running across the stage, of an astonished Boris peering out across the footlights.

Other impressions remained more vivid in his mind. Trovic, the assassin, had turned and raced from the box, following the young man who had helped him. Perhaps they had escaped through the pass-door and out on to the steps of the Opera House. Perhaps they had failed



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*Panic rose again in the street as men leaped at the trooper, tearing him from his horse.*

to reach the pass-door. There had been a lot of shooting after the bomb explosion.

Now something was happening outside, in the square or beyond. More shooting.

Suddenly the panic was over. Frantic people still pressed towards the exits, but there was no more struggling. Uniformed police were everywhere, shouting orders to control what was left of the crowd.

There were casualties on the floor; people had been crushed, knocked down, trampled on. And more casualties from the bomb. One partition of the State box had been blown out and occupants of the next box had been killed or injured. Ambulancemen were busy with stretchers.

"We've got to get out of here," Burton said.

Anna seemed too shaken even to know what he was saying. A sob shook her.

He took her arm. "Come on, Anna. Let's go."

"Yes." She clung to his arm.

Crowds swarmed on the portico and down the steps and there were more police with more orders. The shooting was still going on, somewhere near the river. Burton hurried Anna through the press of people and out into the square.

"You were in that box at the interval," Burton said. "Did you know that your friend was helping Trovic?"

In the bright lights from the great facade of the Opera he could see her look of blank surprise. It changed to one of alarm.

"I must go to Babette," she said.

Probably she needed Babette more than Babette needed her. He did not know. He had to get her to some place of safety so that he would be free to find out what was happening. He walked with her towards the stage door.

There had been silence for a moment or two, but now came a more vehement burst of firing from the direction of the river. She clung to his arm, pressing tightly with her fingers.

"Look," he said, "I've got to find out what's happening. When you leave Babette, go straight to the office. If I'm not there, wait for me."

He was thinking that he should have gone at once to the grand tier, but he had been too worried about the girl. Now, pushing through the crowd to the portico again, he encountered Mervan, of "Paris Presse," and Attridge, another English correspondent.

"They won't let you get near anyone," Attridge warned him. "What's the use, anyway? The censor will clamp down on everything except the official hand-out."

"What have you got hold of?" Burton asked.

"Riecke was killed instantly. Varlein's still alive, but damaged. I don't know how seriously. Halvic and the service chiefs escaped with minor injuries."

"The next box was a shambles." Mervan took up the story. "All killed. Two officials and their wives."

"And a dozen or so minor casualties round about," Attridge added.

"What happened to the assassin?"

"There were two of them. They both got clean away. Nice neat plan, if you ask me. They just vanished."

Of course. The pass-door, the stairway, the exit on the side of the house. Trovic knew all the ins-and-outs of the building, just as Babette did. The pass-door was very convenient, but it had to be opened from the stage side.

Babette?

He pushed the thought away as Settembrini jostled towards them, equipped with camera and flash-bulbs. "Radio House has been taken," he said.

"Taken?" Burton echoed. "What do you mean, taken?"

"The assassination was the signal for a rising, a coup." Settembrini was enjoying it to the full. "The Army has revolted. The general staff has been seized and executed. The troops are marching on the capital with guns and tanks. Not only Radio House, but the transmitter station and the Post and Telegraph Building have been captured——"

"Let's go!" Attridge interrupted him. Mervan was already dancing down the steps in a state of high excitement.

Outside the shooting had suddenly stopped again. Everything seemed to have fallen into a dead calm ahead of them. Traffic had ceased, pedestrians padded quietly as if they were on some clandestine mission.

Then, suddenly, the calm was broken by the cry of a dozen trumpets. A fanfare blared from all the loudspeakers on the street corners, and Burton halted to listen.

"This is it," Settembrini remarked. "Authentic. Straight from the horse's mouth."

The voice came over the air using simple words in simple phrases. Burton could understand most of it; Settembrini translated the rest.

"I speak to my countrymen," the voice said. "I speak to the humble peasant and to the highest in the land. I have news for you. Tonight a tyrant has gone the way of all tyrants. The hated Riecke, who stood with the oppressors of the people, has been executed by the forces of the true freedom. Those forces are now in control.

"We call to you who love your land to join with us in stamping out an order that has brought suffering upon you. We bring you liberty. We are in control of——"

The voice was cut off abruptly.

"They are not in control of the switches, anyway," Settembrini commented. "I've got to get busy."

Burton paid no attention. He could think only that the voice was the voice of Pero Trovic, the assassin.

Settembrini waved as he hurried away.

A great crowd had collected in the roadway near Radio House; inoffensive onlookers, curious to know what was going on. They stood motionless till a troop of mounted

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*Dusting Powder.* *Delightfully soft with a special absorbent quality. Velvet puff in box. Paris, L'Origan, L'Aimant, Muguet des Bois, Chypre.*

*And now — Solid Cologne!* *The actual perfumes are contained within this marvellous new "stick" in an elegant gilt container. So convenient for your handbag . . . so cool, refreshing, long-lasting. In perfumes L'Aimant and Muguet des Bois only.*

*Toilet Water.* *A lighter edition of your chosen perfume. Paris, Meteor, L'Aimant, Muguet des Bois, Chypre.*

*Bath Oil.* *Delicately fragrant, to add sheer pleasure to your bath. Paris, Chypre, L'Aimant, L'Origan.*

*Liquid Brilliantine.* *Glamorous lustre and perfume to the hair, without greasiness. Paris, L'Origan, L'Aimant, Muguet des Bois, Chypre.*

*"AirSpun" Face Powder.* *The soft, incredibly fine face powder that clings so beautifully and never, never cakes. Nine fashionable shades. Paris, L'Origan, L'Aimant, Muguet des Bois, Chypre.*

*Toilet Soap.* *Superfine soap, rich foamy lather. Hand soap, box three tablets. Bath soap, large-sized tablet. Paris, L'Origan, L'Aimant, Muguet des Bois, Chypre.*

*L'Aimant (The Magnet).* *Tender . . . compelling . . . heart-quickening. Its quality is magnetism—its destiny always to be loved.*

LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK, SYDNEY



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# SHADOW of the PAST

## A short story by GARNETT RADCLIFFE

GINA UPTON said to Hugh on the telephone, "But you really expect too much."

"I like that! Too much because I ask for two hours! Dash it all—"

"Yes, but dash it all, Hugh, every minute is precious to me just now. You don't seem to realise. When I'm not with Derek—"

"I know, I know. When you're not with Derek you're not alive. I don't care. After all, I've known you for years—"

"Don't rub it in. All right, Hugh, I'll arrange something."

And she had kept her word. With a generosity surprising in the circumstances she had arranged that she would dine with Hugh Ransford on the following Tuesday night. Later she would reward herself by dancing at the Carillon with Derek Austin, who was the most exciting person she had ever met.

That Derek would seize the opportunity to propose was a foregone conclusion. He'd been working up to it for weeks. Gina had planned exactly what she would answer:

"I'm old enough to be your mother. Don't be ridiculous."

"Gina, you make me furious. You're the youngest thing I've ever met. Anyway, what does age matter?"

And so her dreams would become reality. She would marry Derek and be happy ever after.

Tuesday evening arrived. Gina, in a rose-pink creation, faced her mirror. What she beheld was reassuring. She would risk that remark to Derek about being old enough to be his mother.

Those all but invisible lines at the corners of her eyes. She reached for the pot of cold cream. There! She turned to her maid. "Nanny!"

Nanny was a surprising servitor for Gina, being elderly, deaf, and sour-tempered. But she had her points, as Gina used to explain to friends who urged a change. "Nanny's faithful. Been with me since I was so high, and has *my* real interests at heart."

"Nanny, if you met me for the first time tonight, how old would you say I was?"

Nanny would have given all she had to have been able to tell Miss Gina that she looked her thirty-seven years. Alas, honesty forbade.

"You're a living lie, Miss Gina. Twenty and twenty is what I should say."

The bell rang. "That's Major Ransford. Bring him in."

Nanny looked surprised and relieved. "Is it him you're going out with?"

"I'm having dinner with the major first. Mr. Austin is coming here for me at ten. I'll be back before that."

Hugh was waiting in the sitting-room when she entered. He was a taciturn person of forty-five with a limp. They had first met in the hospital where Gina had been nursing.

Four times in the intervening years he had asked her to become his wife. Four times she had refused. She was enjoying herself too much.

Hugh had waited patiently. Some day he was certain he would reap his reward. And he had. The reward of seeing Derek Austin capture in three weeks the citadel he had besieged in vain for over ten years.

"For goodness' sake, have a cocktail and cheer up," said Gina. "This is a farewell dinner, not a funeral."

"So you expect me to be hilarious?"

"At taking me out? Certainly. Do you like my frock?"

"Very charming. I don't flatter myself you donned it for my benefit, though. You're coming back here to meet Austin at ten?"

"Yes, which reminds me—Nanny ——"

"Yes, Miss Gina?"

"If I'm not back on the dot let Mr. Austin in and see that he has a drink. He likes whisky. And the Castilian cigarettes. You'll find a casket in the drawer in the bureau. Leave it on the table with the whisky. Now, Hugh! Shall we sally forth?"

"If you're quite certain you've thought of everything pertaining to your young friend's comfort, I think it would be a good idea."

Gina gave a petulant shrug. "Where are you taking me, Hugh?"

"I thought of Gibson's."

"Isn't it rather stodgy?"

"Exactly. It's a haven for the middle-aged. Ought to suit us."

Middle-aged! Gina smiled to herself. She was feeling so absurdly young tonight that his thrust had glanced harmlessly aside.

"Don't let's squabble, Hugh. Look here, let's pretend this is the beginning instead of the end. Do you remember Boulogne? Those rattly French taxis and trying to sneak back into the hospital."

"And the planes roaring overhead and the sirens screaming. Brave, bad days. Remember that night I took you to the picture show and we had that row? And do you remember how on D-Day—"

Gina was tired of the game.

"Stop, Hugh. The war as a topic of conversation is as out of date as the weather."

"Who says so?"

"Oh, everyone."

Everyone meant Derek. To Derek the last war seemed as remote as the Boer War did to Gina.

They were in Gibson's. There was a hint of mockery in Hugh's voice as he raised his sherry glass.

"Here's to your future happiness."

"You don't sound very hopeful."

"To be quite candid, I'm not."

Gina leant across the table.

"Let's be honest, Hugh. You think I'm doing a mad thing in marrying a man fourteen years younger than myself. I grant that in the majority of cases you'd be right, but in this particular instance you're wrong."

Hugh smiled sardonically. "Gina, tell me one thing. Does Derek know your exact age?"

"He knows I'm older than he is."

"But not the precise amount?"

"N-no. I'm going to tell him, though. It won't make the faintest difference."

"Then he must be a very remarkable young man."

Gina felt she almost hated Hugh. Certain as she was of Derek, that dry, matter-of-fact manner of Hugh's was disturbing.

"Did you suggest this dinner simply for the purpose of making me feel unhappy?"

"I wanted to open your eyes."

"Well, you can't. My eyes are already wide open. I love Derek and trust him utterly."

"Gina, as a very old friend——"

"Stop, Hugh. I won't listen."

The remainder of the farewell dinner was a frost. What conversation there was was for the sake of appearances only.

Her eyes went to the clock. "Shouldn't we be making a move?"

"Plenty of time, Gina. I'll see you back."

(Must you? Don't you realise that in your presence the dreams won't come? You're my past—the past I hate because I can't share it with Derek. The war years . . . when Derek was at school . . .)

"Thank you. But don't let's waste any more time. There's certain to be a jam."

She would have been ashamed for anyone else to see her eagerness to get to Derek. Somehow Hugh didn't matter. He knew one so well; one could be natural.

Her prognostication of a traffic jam proved correct. Gina relieved her nerves by scolding Hugh.

"Why didn't you warn him not to go by the Arch?"

"Blessed respite. I wish it could last for years."

Suddenly his arm went round her. She felt his lips pressed hungrily against her own, and wondered. He had often kissed her before, but never quite like that.

"This is to say goodbye, Gina. We've said goodbye in taxis before, remember?"

Something stung Gina's eyes. Those brave, mad days when she had first met Hugh! Looking back she felt a queer little thrill of pride for the splendid, terrible past of which Derek knew nothing.

Before she could speak the taxi had re-started. Hugh released her. She heard his voice, very quiet and controlled.

"I'm sorry if I reminded you again of what you want to forget. But I don't think our generation need be ashamed of the past. Rather to the contrary, I should say."

Gina laughed shakily. "Don't say that to the bright young people or you'll be dubbed a mouldy old thing. They're IT nowadays."

"And you're aspiring to be one of them?"

"I . . . Oh, here we are at last! Goodbye, Hugh."

He stepped back into the taxi. Watching the rear lamp vanish, Gina felt a strange, wistful little ache . . .

Stepping out of the lift, she almost collided with a man. She looked up and uttered a cry. "Derek! Where are you off to?"

He looked taken aback. It seemed to her he had been hoping to slip away before she returned.

"I'm sorry, Gina. The fact is I've got a rotten head. I don't feel up to dancing tonight."

The corridor was too dark for her to see his face properly. But she detected the flatness in his voice and that was enough. Derek was tired of her. She felt as if an ice-cold hand had touched her heart.

"What really is the matter?"

He tried to laugh it off. "No, honestly, I don't feel very well. Please excuse me tonight. I'll fix up something for another time."

You won't, thought Gina. I know. It's the end.

Pride forbade she should press him further. He stepped into the lift. Gina turned and walked unseeingly into the flat.

What had come over Derek? She glanced round, seeking an explanation. Nanny had left the cigarettes and whisky as she had ordered. The lid of the cigarette casket was open. She leaned forward to take one, and then she knew why Derek had fled.

There were no cigarettes in the casket. Instead, there was cotton-wool, tissue-paper, and four war medals and a couple of photographs of her in her Army nurse's uniform and the dates — twelve, thirteen years ago—when Derek was a child and she was serving overseas. Blind, fumbling Nanny had taken the wrong casket from the drawer.

Poor Derek! He had thought she was twenty-five. She could almost have laughed, thinking of his face when he made this discovery. No wonder he had fled.

"The old soldier shows her medals." She laughed hysterically.

Medals! Well, after all, they were nothing to be ashamed of. They were insignia of courage and endurance. Yes, like Hugh, she would be proud of the past. Proud to number herself with the generation that had saved England.

Hugh! The thought of that staunch friend was a salve to the smarting pride. He was gentle, solid, dependable. And oh, the blessed relief of knowing one could drop one's pretence of youth!

Gina threw back her head and moved swiftly to the telephone.

"Is that you, Hugh? Derek has defaulted. What about going out to dance somewhere? . . . Oh, splendid . . ."

Nanny, listening at the door, smiled contentedly. She had known Miss Gina since she was "so high." When she had put the casket containing the medals and photos where young Mr. Austin would have to see them she had known she was acting in her mistress' best interests.

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*Gina leant across the table. "Let's be honest, Hugh," she said. "You think I'm doing a mad thing."*

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# THE GAUNTLET OF FLAMES

## By DOROTHY COTTRELL

### *In fire and desolation the old man unexpectedly found the answer to his future*

ON his eightieth birthday, Andrew McNair was perhaps the most widely respected man of the southern world. He was for Australia both a symbol and a synonym; so that in political cartoons his blunt-bearded and wide-shouldered old figure, with the allegorical fat lamb beneath its arm, stood often as representation of the Commonwealth.

Many times his country's delegate in the councils of the nations, he was quoted alike in the world's Press and beside the campfires of the long Australian roads.

Generally conceded to be the only member of his party always certain to be elected if and when he chose to run, occasionally a thorn in the flesh to his own party, he was, even in the mouths of his political enemies, with affectionate respect, "Old Andy"; that rare phenomenon, the kindy regarded millionaire; the old Lion of the South, earthy and sharp-tongued adviser of kings and governments.

Ten weeks after his eightieth birthday—respectfully, because men were still afraid of him—no man was ever more courteously charged with lunacy; and while in the private words of his relatives' attorney little else could be said for them, it seemed certain that in the bringing of the charge his relatives for once were right.

So astounding indeed had been Old Andrew's actions in the ten weeks that they gave something of pathos to the persistent twinkle in his very keen eyes. And the eminent physicians and jurists before whom he came found it touching that for once he had chosen to dress formally and wear his honors, so that the decorations of the nations blazed upon his substantial chest.

"Gentlemen," old Andrew said, "I have never heard the charge that a man has bats in the belfry more exquisitely expressed. Accept my thanks and let us get down to cases."

The chief legal representative of the McNair relatives rose. "Gentlemen, while the action was trivial in comparison with what came later, on April twenty-fourth Mr. Andrew McNair suddenly left his home with two pounds three and sixpence in his pocket and carrying a roll of blankets——"

"And a twenty-two rifle, a fishing line, and a leg of cold roast mutton," Andrew interrupted, lighting his pipe.

"Did you realise that a mere curt note to the effect that you would 'be absent on personal business for an indefinite period' must seriously concern your relatives?"

"I did," Andrew said. "My general manager's limited powers of attorney enabled him to pay them nothing beyond their regular if, in my sincere belief, quite generous allowances."

"Why did you go, Mr. McNair? Please consider your reply."

Andrew fingered his pipe, considering. "To think of life and death. Perhaps 'to find the vanished fields of youth again.' To see if the little fish still come up to the bores on cold nights. To review a purely selfish problem of vanity and sentiment."

. . . . .

He had sat alone on his birthday at his desk in the homestead of the pastoral property that had been his first great landholding and was still his favorite. Before him lay a letter in which he had refused further payment of debts for the most worthless of his nephews; another enclosing a cheque for one of his nieces, "Not because I believe your reasons for needing it, my dear, but as a tribute to the quality of your fiction."

There was also a long news clipping telling of the death in England of an eminent archbishop whom Andrew had regarded as the stupidest and most hidebound and at the same time the finest man he had ever known.

He had quarrelled with the archbishop for thirty years; in person when the circumstances of their lives permitted it, by letter and cable when the world lay between.

The archbishop had also been the last human being to whom he, Andrew, had been of intense importance as a man. Putting down the clipping, he knew that he was now as lonely a man as there was in the world.

At four-thirty on the afternoon of his birthday he walked out of his house by the back door. The fine wool blanket in its oiled-silk cover was snug on his shoulders, his worn quart pot and billy were strapped against the rolled swag, his water-bag swung at his side. It had been thus, save for a difference in the quality of blanket and cover, that, as a young Scot, he had first walked into the immensity of Australia.

Walking late while the promise of first frost made the sky a silver shield of stars above black trees, as an old man tramping alone with the starlight silver on his hair, he was the most painfully sentient thing in the great field of night. But about him stirred the furred and feathered life of the land, and he smiled because, as always, he was kin with it, and this had been his prime bone of contention with his friend, the archbishop.

He was sorry that he had called the archbishop a conceited old idiot and a stuffed surplice, for whatever came after, the archbishop knew it now. And it was Andrew's hunch that the archbishop was perhaps astonished to find heaven a less episcopally select place than that truly good man had expected.

For kinship was wider than any creed, vaster than the little race of men. Those who thought otherwise had not lived as closely as Andrew with the things of the wild. "Man is distinguished from the animal world in that he only strives for himself, he only has conscience!" the archbishop had thundered.

Yet it had been animal conscience that had caused Andrew to give up the very great joy of hunting for sport—old-men kangaroos, to be more accurate. He remembered them when the land was opened, fierce and beautiful creatures, confident in the power of splendid muscle and great chest, defiantly standing guard as their does fled; the untold centuries behind them in which they had faced the attacks of wild dogs or the thousand-foot swoop of the great eagles; fighting, often dying, but always with the fighting chance.

Then firearms, the thing they could not reach, but which could kill. And presently the simple brains had known their own helplessness, and sometime the old men had fled as madly as the does—only to wheel and come back.

So that once Andrew had lain by a 'roo trail as another man hunted, and had seen an old-man 'roo wheel in this way. The great, deerlike eyes were rolling, the proudly curved chest was shaken by the thumping of the panicked heart, but still the creature stood royally, a block between the hunter and the fleeing does. The hunter's shot dropped the great kangaroo within ten feet of Andrew's cover. To Andrew it was conscience that had held the great creature there.

"Only man can love——" the archbishop had contended. Andrew had seen a wood duck break from her tree nest as a swamp was swept by fire, seen her circle madly and rush back to spread futile wings over downed ducklings—and die in the flame. The duck had known that to return was to die. She had returned because she could not let her ducklings die alone.

. . . . .

There was heavy frost on the grass when he woke next morning, so that all the sharp shadows were blue where he had made his camp in the wild-garden place of couch-grass lawns and sparkling box saplings beside an artesian drain.

Andrew went to the bore drain and washed his face in the water that was still steaming from the bore, and the rippling small stream was filled with the brightness of little fish that had come up to seek a warm night, free from the danger of frost. And, having combed his silver hair and the pepper and salt of his beard, he remained on one knee studying the little, crystal waterscape beneath his eyes.

Then, as his face stung with hot water and frost, he took a brown-crusted johnnycake from the ashes of his last night's fire, blew off the ashes, and buttered the hot and rich interior of the cake.

Then, while his tea boiled on the fierce coals that glower deeper beneath the ash, he fried bacon to gold and brown-pink deliciousness, and began his breakfast as the sun sparkled in the icy air and magpies and butcherbirds sang about him in the dead mulga trees.

. . . . .

In the next weeks he fished like a boy in brown rivers, restudied the ways of ants, and watched the splendid formation of clouds. Or he walked all day with some old swagman who talked of why his life had failed or with some very young man who talked of why his life would succeed.

In six weeks he saw the dust haze of Carpentaria. And where the first stands of the Gulf-grass pressed the roads he had the company of a middle-aged swagman.

"Know this country?" the swagman asked.

Andrew answered, "I used to know it."

"This used to be the big droving route to the north-west," the swagman said. "Old Andy McNair used to bring fine horses out here for the stations and go back with cattle. McNair's Pad comes in through the ironstone hills over there."

Andrew asked, "Is the native well still there? In the ridges to the south of the grass track before you come to the flats?"

"If it is, I didn't know it! Would have found it handy when the river was dry . . . Young widow has the land Old Andy used to use for resting his cattle. Widow of a flier who got killed in the war. Has a boy and they have their hearts set on staying on the land. Pretty girl with red hair. Used to ride into town with the kid behind her on a wall-eyed old horse, but they say the horse died. Thieves and crocodiles got her sheep. People say she almost starves."

"Where does she have her homestead?" Andrew asked. "There used to be big clumps of gums on the flats."

"You do know this country, all right! That's the place she has her homestead. Hope she has the Gulf-grass burned off round it. Hard for a woman and a boy to burn off this country alone, but it's a firetrap if it goes, and lightning can start it any old time—though the storms should be over for this year. But till you see this stuff go, you've never seen a fire."

"I have seen it burn," Andrew said. "I think I will say good-bye to you now. You were right when you told me this morning that I am getting old for the roads."

"There's good fishing in the hole in the river right here," the swagman said. "Good flat place for a camp, too." He hesitated, looking at the slim roll of Andrew's swag. "You shouldn't be running round like this, grandad! I've got a pound in my pocket I was saving for a spree. Here! Take it and get yourself another blanket!"

"Thank you," Andrew said, leaving the swagman unenlightened as to differences in blankets. "Thank you, and good luck to you!"

He had planned to go on a long way before stopping for the night on this, his particular and private journey into memory; with old comrades, with the woman he had loved.

For he had said to her, "What would you like for our honeymoon, Margaret?" And she had laughed and answered, "To ride! Always when one rides one has to go home. This time let us keep riding, let us go north and north and north, across the hills and across the plains and into the Gulf-grass and on to the north! When night comes, let us stop, knowing that in the morning we will go on again, until we reach the sea!"

He wanted to stand again by the glitter of the Gulf where he had stood with her and to draw strength from her memory for the balance of his life on earth. But against his will he thought of the girl and the child who were trying to work the property on the great grass flats. A red-haired girl with courage.

He was stuck by the conscience of man. A circumstance that would be highly pleasing to the archbishop, for here the archbishop had a talking point.

Man had outstepped the little people of the woods and fields in that only man could feel responsibility for lives unknown to him, for creatures whom he had never seen and of whom he had heard by chance.

Andrew used a green branch to sweep a smooth place by the river-bank and watched the sudden cherry-blossom snow on dead trees as corella parrots came in to drink. Tomorrow he would unwillingly go back to the town where the girl and the child had ridden on the old horse—until the horse died—and would check on their situation. A talk at the store, a few arrangements with the local branch-bank manager should take care of the small tragedy.

Most certainly he was not going to become personally involved. He





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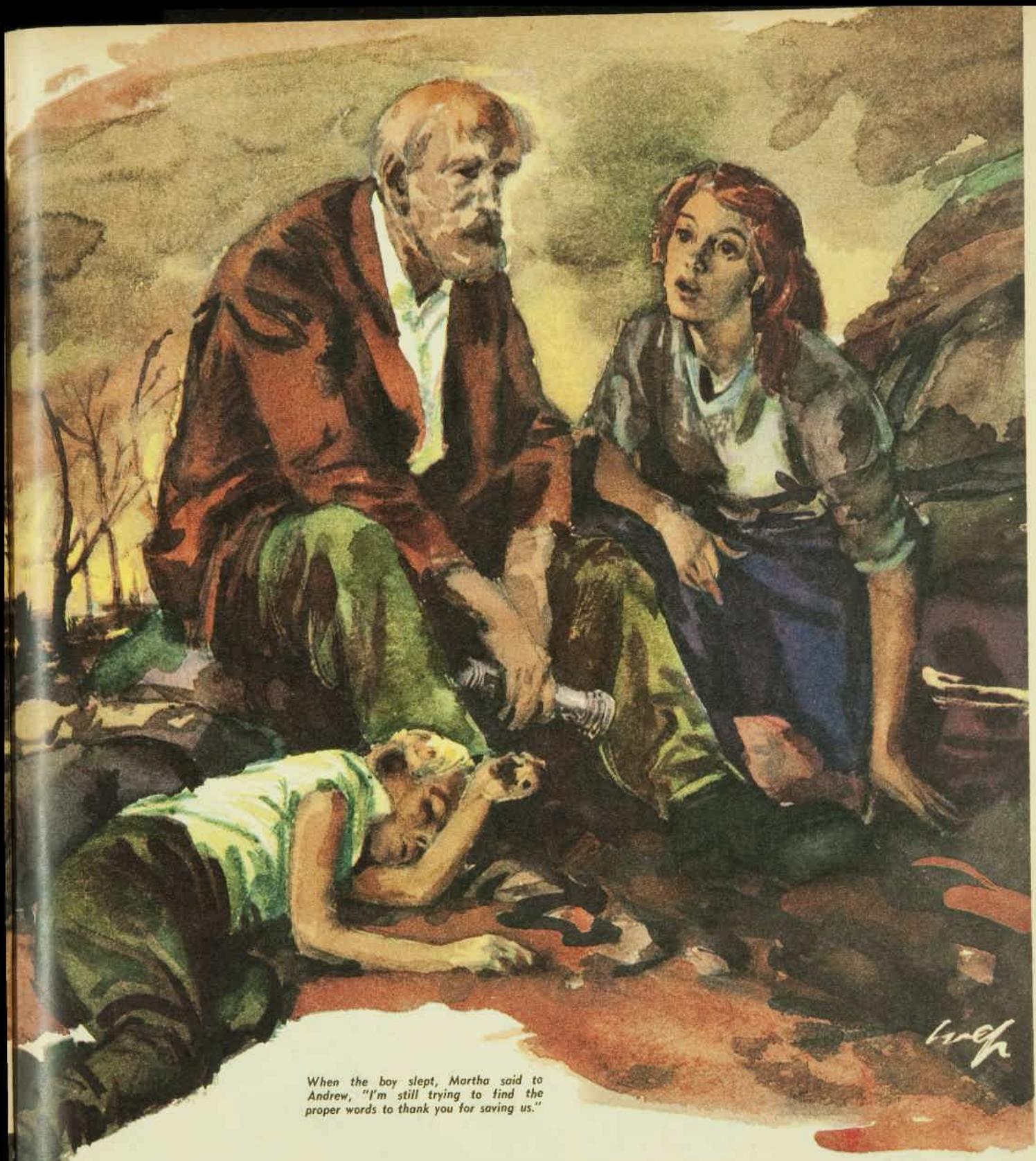

*When the boy slept, Martha said to Andrew, "I'm still trying to find the proper words to thank you for saving us."*

had a very rich man's regretful knowledge of the uselessness of personally handed-out charity, of the endlessness and the usual spuriousness of its demands.

He had no intention of meeting the girl or child. Simply he would see that someone got them out of their powder keg of dry grass—if they were still in it.

They even had him worrying until he was studying the sky. Fortunately, the swagman was right and electrical storms were almost unknown at this season of the year. And while there were a few cumulus clouds round the horizon, none showed signs of lightning and there were none to the north or west.

Being stuck, he surrendered to the beauty and peace of the river. He was irrationally pleased by the gift of the swagman's pound.

And presently he was eating a crisp-fried and snowy fleshed fish that was good as only the fish of the sparse rivers of dry lands are good—as if nature, having made fish a rarity, had put special art into the matter. His tea had extra flavor, too, and smelled pungently in the red of sunset. Before sleeping, he studied the sky again.

At midnight he was startled from the light sleep of the old by the rumbling of far thunder. Overhead the stars were faintly changed as if seen through pink gauze. On his feet, he saw that he was stuck in earnest.

A storm that should not have developed had swung into the north-west and fired the northern reaches of the great grass flats. The body of the fire was still miles away, but it was already a great fire and growing, so that while, as yet, no actual flame topped the horizon, the wild variations of the sky, now pulsing rose, now orange, told of furious burning.

Tugging on his boots, Andrew appraised the situation bitterly. He was perfectly safe where he was; at worst he would simply have to spend a little time in the river, perhaps suffer a little from smoke. But for a man on foot to start to walk a narrow grass road across the face of an advancing fire was potential suicide.

But if the girl and the boy were still at the homestead, and if wide breaks had not been burned, the place was a natural death-trap. Yet if he attempted to reach them, he would almost certainly be caught on the grass road before he was halfway to the homestead. And if by a miracle he reached the homestead, what could he do?

His memory remapped the country that he had once known as no other man knew it. If the girl and the youngster were trying to make their way out, they would not have time to reach the stock route.

If they did not know the country as he knew it, they would be trapped on the grass-walled road. A countryside changed greatly in forty years, and the chance that after years and by night he could recognise the turn-off to the ironstone hills and the old well was very slight. But if he could

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## *Continuing* . . . . The Gauntlet of Flames

*from page 9*

meet the girl and the boy, he might still remember clearly enough to get them through.

"You're a fool!" Andrew said aloud, running to the river to fill his quart pot. Strapping on the quart, he began to walk rapidly west along the poorly defined track. It was as repulsive a trap to walk into as he had ever seen. And he smiled to find that a man was never too old for fear of the trap.

About him the tall, dead-grey grass that rose higher than his head pressed in upon the track, broken only by small bushlike trees with broad, blue-grey leaves, veined and parched.

Impalpable dust and powdered grass particles spurted from under his steadily tramping feet, so that he could not get ahead of his self-made cloud of visible dryness. He choked from dust and lack of air.

As the first stir of air came over the grass tops it was hot and smelled of smoke. Terrified wallabies began to blunder across the trail; and his mind noted that at least this was not the season when the birds nested or when the wild things had their young.

Then the grass tops were rustling in the still faint but steady draught of the fire's own wind, as the sky changed in ever wilder pulsations of light; now sullen blood and copper against flushed stars; now lit to quivering orange; now trailed by long curls of reeling golden smoke. The sky urged flight and the heat grew in the tiny slash of the road.

Because it was unlikely that he would keep his tryst by the Gulf, but had best remember now if he would remember on this side of death, he reached backward into memory of coolness and of beauty.

So that he was a young man again and it was his wedding night, and of all springs surely the fairest. For across the dusty earth great rains had swept, and on the earth was first a film of green so delicate that one saw it only as a green shimmer in the rolling of the land.

So that with Margaret, on their first night together as man and wife, he made camp where a great swale lay between box forests and the carpet for their feet was of the small, white, everlasting daisies, dewy with newness and centred with small gold cushions, the flowers so thick that flower crowded flower as if the twilit earth was rippled with actual snow. It was as if the land knew how brief was its blooming and as if it could not pour enough passion of bloom into the briefness.

Seeking firewood, he had watched for the small plant whose name he had never known, a tiny thing whose whole growth was less than three inches in diameter, with flowers of warm white with a minute hint of gold and a perfume sweeter than gardenias or roses or the heliotrope of any man-made garden.

Finding a clump of the honeyed snow, he dug the plant out with his pocket-knife and set it in the basket of a fallen bird's nest; the whole sitting in the palm of his hand.

Taking it to her, he knelt on one knee where she was kneeling to unpack the supplies. "Your wedding gift, madam! You have married a beggar, but he loves you."

She pushed back her brown hair as she took the gift and held it in both her hands before her face breathing the amazing scent. "On the contrary, I think that I am decidedly—abominably rich! If a woman finds what she wants in a man she is so wealthy that while all things may be added unto her it doesn't matter whether they are or not."

Later, lying beside her on the rough grey camp blankets and leaning on one elbow above her, he asked, "What do you most want in a man? I may not succeed, but I will try to be it."

One of her hands was beneath her head so that her wrist formed a cushion for her soft-curled hair, but she raised her other hand and ran her fingers lightly over his face.

"Kindness, perhaps, first. Courage if a man has it, but to strive for courage if he has not got it. The sense of justice if God has blessed him with the ability to be just. And honor, to mean what we say and mean it honestly to the bottom of the heart. But it does not matter, for you are all the things I want, Andrew—and measure running over."

He said, "For what it is worth I will give you the world, Margaret! You will not always have poverty and only a little flowering plant for a gift!"

She put her hands upon both sides of his face, looking up at his face against the great stars. "Simply continue to wish to give it to me and it does not matter in the least whether I get it."

He hoped that this had been truth and not her sweetness, for, for what the world was worth, she died before he might put its riches in her slim and strong brown hands. He who later had had so much had been able to give her only the loneliness of vast isolation, the great hardship of the wilderness as youth and poverty know it. He had given her love.

She had told him once, "If I should die, you are to marry again, Andrew. Only be sure she is very nice. It is very impertinent to worry about one's husband's second wife, but I worry a great deal about the abominable hussy. Remember, Andrew, if there is knowing afterwards, I could not bear you to be lonely, Andrew."

She had meant it with all the laughing generosity of her love.

He had never remarried. As in his art gallery he kept his finest picture—the Gauguin—alone and uncluttered on its wall, in his life he had chosen, coolly and with full knowledge of what he did, to keep the love of one woman alone upon the wall of consciousness.

He would not have altered his choice. Only old age had left him vulnerable to the fact that there remained no one to whom his life or death would be of more than public or financial interest. And, tramping now under the terrifying sky, he grinned briefly to note how persistent was the vanity of man's desire that his safety or his present danger should be of keen moment to some other heart.

It also gave him pain that he had not solved—and now would not solve—that purely selfish problem of vanity and sentiment. For while the bulk of his fortune would very satisfactorily go to those charities of which he approved, he still shrank from the thought of that first and best loved of his landholdings falling into greedy or unknown hands.

It had been Margaret's home when they pitched their tents in its first clearing. It had known good things. He would have liked it to go to someone to whom he himself was dear, who would have valued the property itself perhaps a little more because of his, Andrew's, memory.

Sentiment perhaps, but perhaps permissible sentiment. And actually unattainable even had the fire not now been tossing banners of actual flame above the dark grass tops to the north.

On the grass road the light was now like day, save that no day had this infernal sky of rolling golden smoke against the dark. To the south, grass and ridges were lit as if by some unearthly stage light.

Mounting heat sent sweat streaming over his face and body, and he wished that he dared to fire the southern grass flats to give himself the doubtful protection of smouldering but burned-over ground on to which to retreat as the fire reached the road. But he dared not fire them, for if the girl and the child had tried for the hills they could be caught in the unexpected surge of new flame.

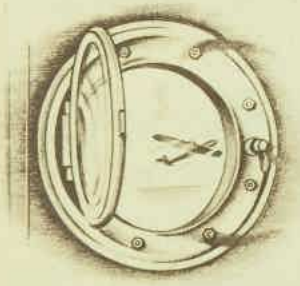
Overhead the smoke ran thicker and closer to the earth. Then he could hear the fire as a steady roar suggestive of a great river, but higher pitched than the rumblings of flood, so that it was a vast sound yet filled with a million consuming cracklings and hissings.

Fiercely sweet smoke was driving low across the road itself as he saw the little group coming towards him—a young woman and a boy, their heads bent, their mouths covered by handkerchiefs against the smoke, but neither in a foolish panic nor dawdling.

The boy's arm was protectively about his mother, and his finely shaped, fair young head was set determinedly on his shoulders. Beside them an old dog was making heavy going of it, and, as Andrew watched, the girl stooped and her hand touched the dog in swift encouragement.

"Hello!" Andrew shouted above the sounds of fire. And they looked up in surprise at his nearness. They had already come through great heat, for their faces streamed with sweat

*To page 45*



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Special feature

# Summer Gardening

***This special section contains many hints from growing roses and dahlias to keeping the lawn green. It includes, too, a complete guide to gardening for the coming busy and fruitful days of summer.***

## CALCEOLARIAS

FOR brilliant color and exotic beauty, few glasshouse plants can rival the dainty, soft-foliaged, purse-shaped calceolaria.

Natives of South America, they have been so extensively hybridised that few original species are left.

Calceolarias bloom in spring, and garden enthusiasts who take the trouble involved in cultivating them are now being rewarded with magnificent displays of color.

There are two well recognised types, the hybrids, and the shrubby calceolarias. The hybrids require a cool glasshouse. They do best in the Australian climate if they are raised from seed in autumn, because they flower in early spring. The shrubby types are extremely hardy. They do well if planted out of doors in open beds in early spring.

The hybrids are exacting in their demands. They require low temperatures, not exceeding 60 degrees Fah., and a southern exposure in the glasshouse for the seeds to germinate. The seed should be sown in sandy loam well enriched with humus. While the plants are small watering should be done only by immersing the pots in a trough.

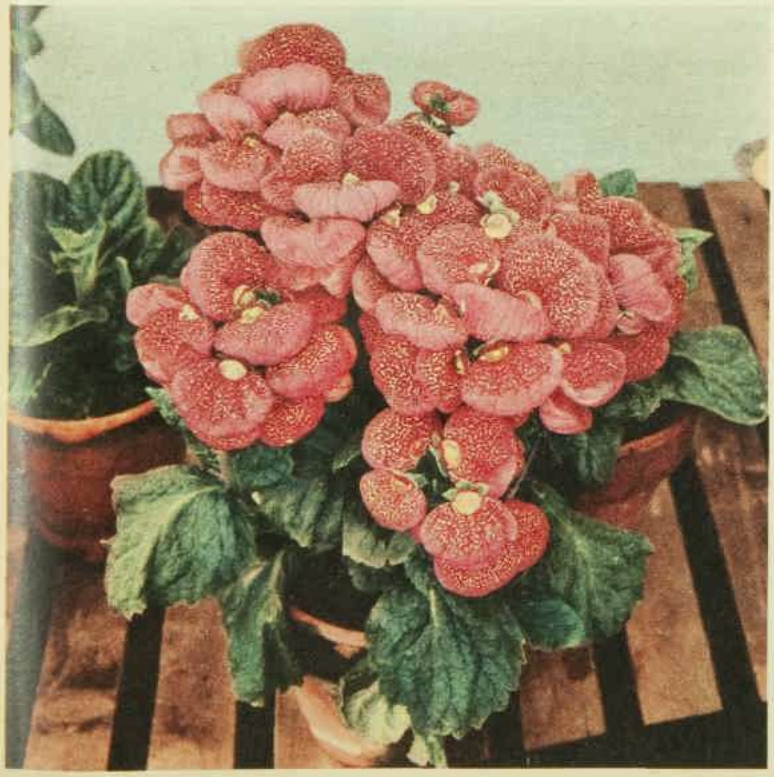
As the plants grow they can be lifted and set out in bigger pots. This needs care. They should be finally potted up in 6in. pots as they reach about 18in. when mature.

To ensure good drainage, which is essential in calceolaria culture, the pots should be filled at the base to a quarter of their depth with cinders.

The best soil mixture for final potting is 2-5th sand, 2-5th loose peat, and 1-5th charcoal, all sifted. The seedlings need constant fresh air. As the plants grow they should be top-dressed with finely sieved old cow manure and sandy loam. They should have weak liquid cow manure twice weekly when budding.

Aphis can be controlled by syringing with nicotine sulphate. Do not use DDT, which is liable to burn the soft foliage.

Specimens on this page and the cover, photographed by Clive Thompson, were grown by Mr. R. Skan, of Manly Vale, N.S.W.



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# PROGRAMME FOR THE HOT MONTHS

## Summer Gardening

● ***On these two pages Our Home Gardener sets out a full programme of the attention and care that flowers, shrubs and trees, and the home orchard need during the hot months of November, December and January. Special reference is made to the control of garden pests which are so troublesome during summer.***

### *NOVEMBER*

**Flower Garden:** Continue transplanting half hardy seedlings such as asters, amarantus, balsam, celosia, African marigolds, portulaca, scabious, salpiglossis, zinnia, and biennials such as verbenas, sweet william and sweet sultans. Cultivate the beds regularly between plants to keep down weed growth and admit warm air and any rain that may fall.

Sow more seeds of half hardy annuals. Plant out chrysanthemums and dahlia tubers. Remove faded flowers from roses, and shorten long growths to an outward pointing eye. If there are signs of mildew on roses dust with equal parts of lime and sulphur.

If the foliage of daffodils, jonquils, hyacinths, or tulips breaks off, lift the bulbs at once. Do not water them while they are ripening off during November. Early December is usually the safest time for lifting these bulbs. By that time they have browned-off and are thoroughly ripe. Snowflakes, crocuses, and jonquils can be left standing for several years without being lifted.

**Shrubs and Trees:** Many hardy shrubs and trees can still be planted out in the cooler parts of the country from pots or tins. But the sooner this job is done the better. Remove all spent flower heads from shrubs that flowered in spring.

Make the shrubs shapely and remove any dead wood. Lilacs, waratahs, and similar shrubs which flower from terminals only should be treated with respect and only the dead flowers removed. Prunus flore plena and rosea should be cut down nearly to the ground. These dwarf flowering plums produce new wood from a few inches above the surface, and they also sucker freely.

Flowering peaches and apricots also need most of this season's new wood removing to encourage new growth that will carry the bulk of next season's blossom. Watch shrubs and trees that were planted last winter or early spring for signs of withering. If they have not budded up and produced leaves, one may be sure there is something seriously wrong below ground.

Either they are standing in water or the roots have dried right out. Probe round until you find out the cause, or else lift the tree or shrub and examine the roots.

Plant bouvardias this month. This shrubby perennial needs some protection the first winter as it is only half frost-hardy.

**Home Orchard:** Grape vines are now making rapid growth and will need attention. If grape moth grubs are present, spray with DDT. Tie up the new laterals as they become lank, and pinch out the ends when two or three leaves have developed beyond the last fruit bunches, which at this time of the year

are well defined in most districts.

Continue spraying apple, pear, and quince trees for codlin moth control, and splash DDT, nicotine sulphate, sugar and water on the foliage of peach, nectarine, plum, and apricot trees if fruit flies are seen. If birds are eating raspberries, loganberries, gooseberries, red and black currants, cover the vines or bushes with string or wire netting. If leaf curl disease appears on peach and nectarines pick off all curled foliage and burn it. Constant watching is the only way to control this disease in summer.

Continue feeding citrus trees with poultry manure or old barnyard or stable litter, and water it in well. If red scale is troublesome, spray with white oil, choosing a cloudy evening for the job. Remove all white wax scale from orange, lemon, mandarin, and grapefruit trees with a stiff-bristled brush. In December spray the baby scales with white oil.

### *DECEMBER*

**Flower Garden:** Daffodil, hyacinth, and tulip bulbs which have browned off to the ground should be lifted and stored in boxes until autumn. If you intend planting the bulbs in the same beds again recondition the soil by manuring well now. Plant out more dahlia tubers or green plants so that you will have a continuous display throughout summer and autumn. For filling wide beds after spring bulbs have been removed, few plants can rival the bedding dahlias such as Bishop of Llandaff and others, which rarely grow higher than 2ft. 6in.

Plant out gladioli corms for autumn flowering and sow more asters for late autumn. Zinnias raised from seed sown this month or early January rarely develop spotted wilt.

Make early sowings of cineraria, primulas, primroses, polyanthus, foxgloves, pansies, wallflowers, stocks, sweetpeas, and for sowing (under glass) calceolaria and cyclamen, for potting later.

Go over the delphinium clumps, cutting down old, spent stems, then dust the crowns with equal parts of lime and sulphur to check mildew. Scrape some of the soil away round the roots of plants planted too deeply.

Spray roadsides, footpaths, and parking areas with T.C.A. to control paspalum, kikuyu, Parramatta, and couch grasses. The best time to use this potent grass killer is just after rain. It acts like magic. Weed-infested lawns should be sprayed with 24D, a selective hormone weedicide which will not affect grass.

**Shrubs and Trees:** There are many tender shrubs and a few semi-tropical trees which do moderately well to very well out of their normal element if planted during summer in the cooler parts of the Commonwealth.

These include poinsettia, poinciana, luculia, eleroden-dron, frangipani, hom-



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# Flowers, shrubs, orchard

## Summer Gardening

skiolda, moschosma, and climbers such as coral climber (antigonon scandens), hoya, quisqualis, stephanotis, solandra nitida, and bougainvillea. Luculia, frangipani, and similar exotics have to develop hard, woody stems during summer and autumn months before they are hardy enough to withstand a sharp frost.

In cold districts they need a well-protected spot and their stems covered with bags or straw for their first couple of winters.

Most other shrubs and small trees, particularly pines, cypress, hedge plants, taxads, can be planted out this month if a little more than ordinary care is exercised. Go over rhododendrons and azaleas early in the new year and remove all seedpods or spent flowers. If left to fatten they will rob the gardener of most bloom next spring.

Hydrangeas should be pruned lightly now. Remove all spent flower heads, taking the stems back to the first good pair of buds below. If many buds have formed in the middle of the shrub, some of these can be knocked off or rubbed out. Remove all spent wood and make the shrubs shapely.

Water late-flowering hydrangeas regularly every few days.

Flowering peaches should be cut back to the main branches as soon as flowering is over. They will then produce new wood which should blossom beautifully next spring. Watch cydonias, pittosporums, gardenias, and camellias for signs of white wax and red scale. Remove wax scales with a stiff-bristled brush and spray red scale with white oil. Towards the end of the month or during January spray trees and shrubs earlier treated for wax with white oil.

**Home Orchard:** If the soil is light and sandy, or has not been manured for a long while, sow field peas, vetches, horse beans, lupins, rape, mustard, or oats as a green crop between the trees. Dig the soil over well and broadcast the seed and water well.

When peas, lupins, or beans are starting to flower and leafy crops are well grown cut them down with a scythe and dig in.

Continue splashing the foliage of summer fruit trees with a mixture of DDT, nicotine sulphate, sugar and water to kill fruit flies. Do not spray this poisonous sticky stuff on the fruit. It will not wash off apricots, peaches, and nectarines. Use a coarse brush to splash the mixture, and do it once or twice weekly.

Strawberries are now producing innumerable runners. Cut off all you do not want and peg down with small bits of wire those that you require to replace old, staggy plants.

Water citrus trees well, particularly lemons and Valencia oranges, which frequently produce an intermediate crop of blossom during February. Never feed the trees well with old manure. Let a tree in blossom suffer from thirst. Give trees that need it a light pruning.

### JANUARY

**Flower Garden:** Sow additional cinerarias and calendulas, snapdragons, lupins, foxgloves, stocks, Iceland poppies, primulas, a final lot of asters, English double daisies, Canterbury bells, cosmos, godetias, pansies, petunias, nemesias, sweet peas, wallflowers, and a final lot of zinnias. Keep the seed boxes or beds shaded during this tricky month or you may find the baby seedlings burned off by hot winds.

Remove seedheads from annual phlox so that they will produce more buds during the next few weeks. Removing seedpods from perennial phlox at this time of the year will also be followed by later flushes of bloom if your feeding and watering programme is a sound one.

Cut down the spent stems of delphiniums, lupins, thalictrums, and sweet williams. They may all produce additional blooms later on if afforded this help. Carnations, pinks, dianthus, and perennial scabious will also need some trimming up and streamlining.

Disbud carnations rigidly, leaving only one good bud per stem if you require high-quality blooms. Dust the plants occasionally with equal parts of lime and sulphur if rust appears on the foliage. It pays to remove all rusty leaves before such treatment.

If you own a glasshouse or partly glassed bushhouse, pot up a few primulas, cinerarias, primroses, polyanthuses, and auriculas for spring blooms. They all require soil that contains plenty of fibrous material. Well-rotted cow manure, some peat or leafmould, sharp sand, and a little charcoal are a good mixture for use on the potting bench.

Dig the soil of empty beds over well, break up heavy clods, fine it up and level off after manuring well. Old garden soil sometimes needs liming if it has been manured constantly for years.

Tie up dahlias as they climb up the stakes, and disbud any precocious varieties. It is too early for quality flowers on dahlias, so be firm and pinch them out unless you planted them very early. Dahlias that have flowered for some time can be cut back to about 18in. from the ground. If fed and watered well they will produce a new crop of bloom round about Easter. Topdress chrysanthemum clumps with old manure and some good soil. Pinch out the basal growths if too many have formed.

**Bulbs and Corms:** Any time from the end of January to early April you can start planting daffodils, jonquils, hyacinths, tulips (for high country), lachenalias, ranunculi, ixias, anemones, babianas, gladioli, brunsvigias, nerines, freesias, callas, snowflakes, sparaxis, tritonias, and watsonias.

Scatter old manure and some bone dust well mixed together in holes about 8 or 9in. deep. Cover them with an inch of good soil, then set the bulbs out in batches, never in rows.

If you have a difficult, sloping bank, patches under trees, or a grassy slope that is difficult to beautify in the ordinary way, try planting the area with daffodils, jonquils, freesias, snowflakes, or ixias. All one has to do is to take out a patch of turf, dig the soil underneath well, add some bone dust, and plant the bulbs in irregular clumps or masses as nearly natural as possible. Then break up the turf, shake the soil out, cover up the bulbs, and water well.

The grass must not be cut after the bulb foliage appears above the surface, of course, or the flowering will be seriously affected if not actually checked. In cold districts and high altitudes other bulbs such as colchicums and crocuses can be used.

Many well-known flowers that are not bulbous, such as shasta daisies, coreopsis, kangaroo paws, lupins, Californian poppies, linarias, forget-me-nots, dimorphothecas, foxgloves, verbascum broussa, clianthus dampieri, cornflowers, and Swan River daisies, can also be used for "naturalising" awkward patches of country.

The usual method of treatment consists merely of a rough digging over of the soil, sowing of the seed, and watering until they become well established. After a few months of casual care they usually take such a hold that no further attention is necessary. Plants such as coreopsis and calliopsis, which seed freely, soon take possession and make a brilliant display during summer months.

Many native plants, including kangaroo paws, clianthus, didiscus, leschenaultias, pimeleas, and immortelles, have added considerable beauty to home plots.

**Home Orchard:** If you intend to plant more fruit trees next season lime and dig the ground deeply, breaking up the subsoil, and making sure it is well drained. A month or two later dig fresh manure in deeply.

April is the best month of the year, next to September, for citrus tree planting. Do not dig deeply round young citrus trees. Their roots are mostly near the surface and are much injured by spading. Continue controls for codlin moth, fruit fly, scales, bugs, thrips.

Go over the home orchard every day and pick up windfall fruits, particularly stone fruits, because they are mostly infested with grubs or fruit flies. The fruit should be boiled and then buried, or burned on a sheet of iron until all grubs are killed. Water fruit trees, particularly citrus, regularly at this time of the year.

Loganberries and other bramble fruits which have finished fruiting can be cut back now. Remove all the canes that fruited this year. The new canes that appeared some time ago will be the berry-bearers for next season and should be left alone. In cold climates where red, black, and white currants and gooseberries can be grown, the bushes will need their first light pruning. Cut away all dead wood as soon as the crops have been removed.

● *How to grow summer vegetables, page 18.*

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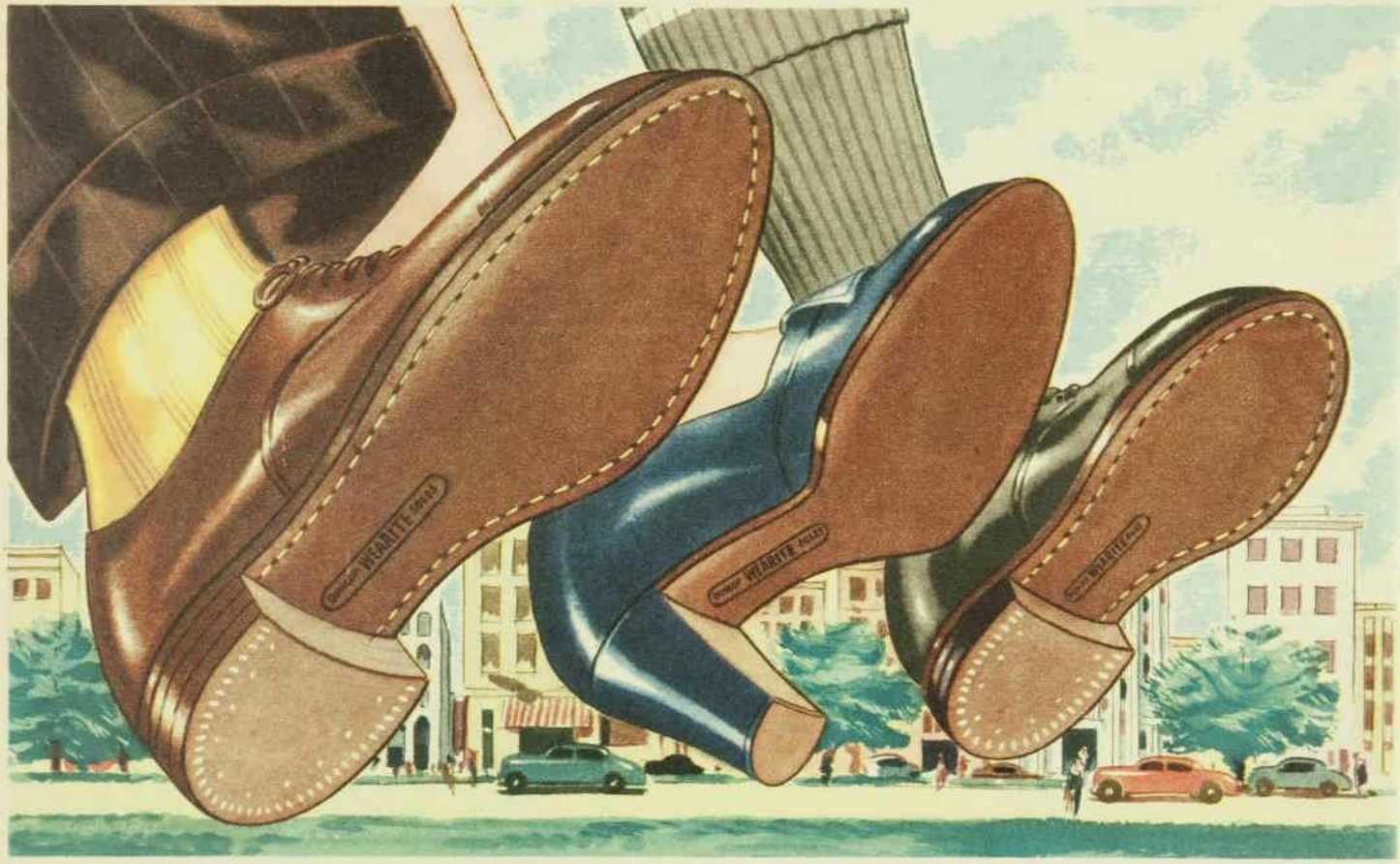

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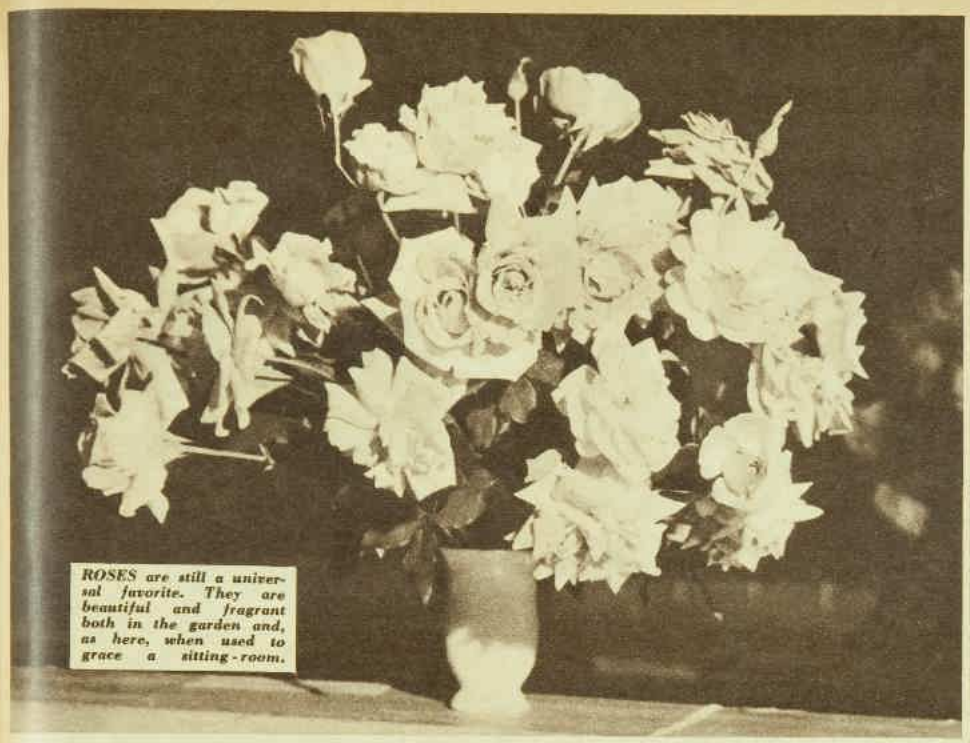

*ROSES are still a universal favorite. They are beautiful and fragrant both in the garden and, as here, when used to grace a sitting-room.*

# Summer care of roses

**Those who planted roses last winter or during very early spring will have much to do to keep the bushes clean, healthy, and in good order during the next four months of steam, heat, and other climatic vagaries.**

NEWLY planted bushes may not have entirely re-oriented themselves since being transferred from the nursery to the garden. In that case they should be given stakes and a soft sort of "tie" to prevent them being battered by the wind.

Look to your winter-planted rose bushes and fill in any conical holes you may see round their trunks.

These are the high-signs of loose conditions that can very easily lead to the death of the bush or bushes if very hot, dry, windy weather occurs.

**Tall bushes and climbers should be given stout stakes and be tied up at intervals to prevent them swaying.**

The stakes can be made inconspicuous by painting them mid-green before driving them into the ground. Green-dyed binder-twine, thick string, or stout raffia can also be used.

Don't use wire on roses. The new wood is very green and sappy, and wire doesn't take long to chafe through the bark and cause a nasty wound, which invites fungi and pests.

Binder-twine is to be preferred to either wire, cotton rope, nylon, or leather strips.

Binder-twine lasts only about a couple of seasons at most, and then rots. The other materials, if tied tightly, cause permanent restriction of growth and may inflict serious damage on young wood.

Any roses planted last winter that do not appear to be doing too well should be examined.

It may be found that in very heavy country the gardener has simply dug a grave for his roses, and they are literally dying "with their boots on" in holes which fill with water every time it rains or the hose is turned on.

Where newly planted roses are showing any symptoms, such as marked yellowing of foliage, withering or puckering of old wood, and shrivelling of new wood, dig round them at once, break up the hardpan all round them for a considerable distance, and thus get the surplus water away.

Where roses have grown for any length of time it will frequently be found that the soil has become rose sick.

Poor blooms, spotted, unsatisfactory foliage, spindly wood, an extreme allergy to disease and pests are some of the symptoms of sick soil.

## Summer Gardening

Late spring is not a good time of the year to start feeding roses, but it is a case of better late than never, for many roses are more or less perpetual flowering types, and a dose in time of something that they fancy may do them good.

Black spot, one of the most serious of all rose diseases, is generally attributed by experts to soil starvation, or if not that exactly to faulty nutrition.

Extreme acidity of soil is also said by some rose growers to predispose plants to black spot.

Bordeaux mixture, as well as bordinette and cuprox (copper oxychloride) are still the best of available copper fungicides, but many commercial rose growers still adhere to sulphur preparations, and to the newer DDT suspension in white-oil emulsions and simple white-oil emulsions.

Mildew often disfigures many susceptible varieties during spring, and is fairly difficult to control. It appears as a faint whitish spotting of young foliage, accompanied by much curling, but also attacks buds, which curl downwards and frequently die.

Sulphur spraying or dusting gives good control.

Rose wilt is common in Australia and New Zealand.

Young shoots attacked first recurve, become very brittle, and fall off at a touch. Defoliation is rapid, the leaves turning yellow before falling.

This wilt is caused by a virus and is incurable.

Wilt can be spread from plant to plant by handling, the use of infected secateurs and pruning knives, and by insects of various kinds.

Rose specialists advise the early removal and destruction by burning of all wilted plants.

Die-back in roses is regarded by specialists as a constitutional condition, not infectious, unavoidable, and varying in incidence with the climate, soil, and stock used.

It often follows careless pruning, bad drainage, or injury to green wood, and is sometimes regarded as an after-effect of heat waves, drying out or intense thirst, a symptom of rose wilt, or the result of long-standing black spot, but may also be due to some form of plant food deficiency.

So far no cure for constitutional die-back has been discovered. Certain varieties, such as pernetianas and wichurianas, suffer badly.

Base or watershoots should be left to rebuild the structure of old rose plants and to improve the shape of new and ungainly ones. Let them run well up and then cut out the bunched tops.

Take flowering stems with a good long piece of wood attached and you will not need to do much summer pruning about the end of January.

Never let spent blooms develop hips or berries. These fruits, or seed bearers, as they really are, are very exhausting to the entire bush and should be removed with plenty of wood as soon as all the petals have fallen.

Merely streamline the roses in late January or early February to make them shapely, removing any unwanted spindly wood, spent flowers, and misshapen twigs.

Ease off watering as summer advances, giving only enough to keep the wood alive.

As the days shorten and the nights become cooler, increase the water supply gradually, feed the roses, and prepare for the autumnal flush.

**Climbing roses produce new canes during summer, and as these usually take the place of old canes they should be tied carefully into a horizontal position to carry next season's crop of blossom.**

Dead canes can be cut away from most ramblers during January and February.

Weed rose beds regularly, but do not hoe too deeply near the plants themselves, or some of the surface roots may be damaged.

The regular removal of brier suckers, which usually have seven leaves, as against five for most roses, is also advised during summer pruning.

● *Color pictures of roses, pages 16, 17.*


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# ROSES: THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

*ABOVE: Mr. A. B. Johnston's 15th century home at Cranleigh, Surrey, has a garden filled with roses. Varieties seen in this picture are Frensham, Betty Pryor, and Poulsen's Pink. These roses would grow in Australia.*

*BELOW: Fifteen varieties of rambler roses are included among those grown in Mr. A. B. Johnston's garden, which is typical of many English gardens. The varieties are decorative, hardy, vigorous, and free flowering.*

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# Summer Gardening

**Though the rose is the special glory of English gardens, this lovely flower is grown and admired by people in many countries, especially Australia.**

BETWEEN 70 and 80 new varieties of roses are introduced each year, and accordingly many of the older roses drop out of favor.

Nurserymen who favor change in rose fashions make it their business to introduce the new varieties. They keep in stock only those kinds in constant demand.

The late Mr. Alister Clark, who was a noted rose expert, is said to have produced more new Australian roses than anyone else in Australia. A wealthy landowner from Bulla Bulla, Victoria, Mr. Clark gave to charity all the money raised from his new varieties.

The roses he produced are tough, hardy, and drought-resistant. They stand up well to the arid conditions often encountered in Australia.

They also flourish in the humidity and heat of the high rainfall areas of this country.

**Among the roses Mr. Clark introduced are Lorraine Lee, Black Boy, Amy Johnson, and Nancy Hayward.**

The pictures on these two pages were taken in England at the home of rosarian Mr. A. B. Johnston, New Park, Cranleigh, Surrey.

If none of the varieties shown are available in your district, your local nurseryman will be able to help you choose ones which are similar.

With roses at the height of the season, most Australian rose societies are now busy with arrangements for their annual shows.

**A Show of Roses and Flower Decoration will be held in Sydney at David Jones' Art Gallery from October 21 to October 23.**

The show will open with a preview on October 21 from 7.30 p.m. until 9.30 p.m.

This year there will be a greatly enlarged display of roses, including many old-fashioned favorites. In the flower arrangement division there will be a new section in which all flowers used must come from the exhibitors' own gardens.

A group of miniature arrangements and a series of flower decorations in the style of 17th century Dutch and French flower paintings will be other features of the exhibition.

Proceeds from the show, which will be held in conjunction with the National Rose Society, will benefit the Bush Book Club of N.S.W.

An Exhibition of Floral Arrangements will be held in Melbourne on October 30 and October 31 in aid of Rose Day Appeal for the Victorian Free Kindergartens at the home of the organiser, Mrs. Harry Creswick, Albany Road, Toorak.

This will be the third year it has been held.

The National Rose Society will hold a rose show in the Melbourne Town Hall on October 28.

The Queensland Rose Society held its monthly rose show on October 1. There will also be a display of roses at the Chelsea Flower Show on November 7 and 8.

The National Rose Society of South Australia will hold its spring show on October 23.

● *Summer care of roses, page 15*

*EXCELSA. This rose can be grown as a climber or a weeping standard. It was introduced in 1909 and is still available. It makes a fine display for pergolas.*

*SANDERS WHITE is a rambler which made its debut in 1912. It is one of the many varieties grown by English rosarian Mr. Johnston, but is not a popular seller in Australia.*

*THELMA (above), a very pale pink rambler, was first introduced to the rose world in 1927. AMERICAN PILLAR (right), a climbing rose introduced in 1902, sometimes called the backbone of the garden, is a most popular variety.*



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# The art of growing good vegetables

**The gardener who plants wisely at this time of the year will have plenty of vegetables for summer salads, autumn soups, and winter stews.**

## Summer Gardening

SOIL preparation, which includes manuring, liming, fertilising, and draining, should have been completed during winter or very early spring. Few vegetables will grow in shade, and they all require plenty of water.

Tomatoes, sweet corn, sweet potatoes, parsnips, carrots, salsify, main-crop celery, pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, rock and water melons, silver beet, bush marrows, table turnips, and beetroots come into this class.

These are the main crops for late summer, autumn, and winter, the fillers of saucepans, salad bowls, frying-pans, and pressure cookers. Sow some of each wherever there is room, and look after them well in hot, dry weather.

Lettuce needs rich, well-drained soil, which its roots can penetrate easily. It dislikes a lot of work, and when given hard labor runs to seed in hot weather without forming a heart. In sand, plants also run to seed during summer unless amply supplied with readily available nutriment in the form of well-decayed manure or compost.

**Good food and plenty of water are the secret of success with lettuce, which should never be allowed to go thirsty.**

Tomatoes are subject to spotted wilt virus, blossom-end rot, septoria leaf spot, early blight, and innumerable other troubles which attack plants today. Thrips, grubs, cutworms, tomato bugs, and mites invariably spoil more than half my crop.

Tomatoes are not an easy crop to grow. They spring up as if by magic from any fruit thrown out, but how many survive?

The percentage must be very low. I have seen as many as 5000 plants in one paddock wiped out by tomato mite, spotted wilt, and bugs.

To make reasonably sure of getting a good tomato crop start spraying with DDT early. I have found a DDT preparation with a petroleum base the best of all.

**It kills everything that crawls over sprayed leaves and any insect hit directly by the sprayer, and the smell and fumes act as a repellent for weeks.**

When tomato plants are small, watch for spotted wilt, which may attack them at any stage. This is caused by thrips, and DDT is the stuff to kill thrips and prevent this incurable virus disease.

The small green grubs or caterpillars of the heliothis moth are very troublesome some years, and so are the looper grubs, which draw themselves up into "loops" as a means of locomotion. DDT will check them.

Tomatoes need fairly deep, rich, well-drained soil, and thrive on supplementary feeding as the fruit develops. There are scores of varieties on the market today.

I prefer the earliest tomatoes such as Sunnybrook Earliana, Sparks' Earliana, Chalk's Early Jewel, and second-earlies like Walker's Recruit, Red Marhio, and Break o' Day, to the late main crop varieties which, in the garden of the man who works in town all the week and cannot spray regularly, increase the fruit-fly's family in a most alarming manner.

**Sweet potatoes are excellent vegetables for present sowing. The best varieties are Yellow Strasburg, Red and Pink Porto Rico, and Porto Rico.**

Most greengrocers will sell you a tuber or two at so much per lb., and these should be buried in good, moist, light soil and marked with a stick.

When the vines begin to show above the surface and are 6in. to 9in. long, stick the fork under the tuber, break off all sprouts that have developed roots, and put the tuber back to raise another family.

These cuttings, as they are called, should then be set out in well-manured hills in rows 4ft. apart, for the plant likes plenty of elbow-room. Water well and dig the crop in June or July, when frost cuts down the foliage.

**Sweet corn is not always a popular crop here, because each 6ft. plant rarely produces more than one or two cobs.**

Few home gardeners know how to grow sweet corn. They sow the seed in rows, with the result that they do not obtain a satisfactory pollination of the kernels.

The best way to grow good sweet corn is to manure a few patches in a big square or oblong on the south side of the garden, where the tall plants will not cast shade on smaller crops. This spot must be in full sunlight.

Dig the ground deeply, feed generously, firm lightly, sow the seed, putting a dozen or more kernels into each circular patch, about 2ft. across. Space them about 5in. or 6in. apart, and water well. If too many come up, thin out to eight plants to each patch.

Carrots, parsnips, beetroot, turnips, and other root crops dislike fresh manure.

If you are sowing them at this time of year, select a spot in which last winter's cabbage or cauliflower thrived. If such a spot is not handy, use only very old, well-sieved manure and mix in thoroughly with the soil before sowing.

Thin out the plants. Carrots should be 3in. to 4in. apart, parsnips 6in. to 9in., beets 9in., turnips 9in., and swedes (sown later in the year) about 9in.

For heavy soils the short or stumpy carrots like Manchester Table, Early Shorthorn, Ox-heart, and Red Cored Chantenay are best.

The long varieties such as St. Valery, Scarlet Long Horn, Intermediate, and Manchester Table are suitable for lighter loams of good quality.

Beans are easy to grow provided the three worst pests — red spider, black aphis, and bean bug — are regularly controlled.

Any well-fertilised ground, light or heavy, will produce a good crop of beans if sown now with Brown Beauty, Canadian, Tweed, Hawkesbury, or Wellington Wonder, Blue Wonder, Feltham's Prolific, Butter Beans, Stayley's Surprise, or Monitor.

But the man who wants to get really friendly with the cook will sow the climbing stringless Epicure or the dwarf Stringless Green-pod, and save her hours of "stripping off strings."

Scarlet Runner beans are hillbillies, but crop quite well if sown about the end of the year. The flowers fall without setting pods in coastal districts if seed is sown too early, but they crop satisfactorily about Easter from late December sowings.

**Build up the soil well, for they are greedy feeders and their roots are deep foragers.**

I've saved the cucurbits to last. They include cucumbers, marrows, squashes, pumpkins, rock and water melons, rhiogrammas, and a few other related species or varieties. They all feed with their feet in the trough, so add everything in the manure line to your soil.

Firm the ground lightly by treading it down, make a saucer-shaped depression, sow the seed, cover it over with good light soil, and water. At this time of year most cucurbits germinate in three or four days. They appreciate liquid manure every week once the vinous portions appear from the stems.

Vines that are setting female flowers and have several at one time on each lateral should have the ends pinched out. The fruits will then set in a few days. More laterals will develop from these short trailers, and eventually a good crop will be obtained.

Dust all plants regularly about Christmas with equal parts of hydrated lime and sulphur to check mildew. If 28-spot pest ladybirds or pumpkin beetles attack the foliage, dust with derris-root powder. Most cucurbits are allergic to DDT, which burns the foliage.

Most of the main crop vegetables have been dealt with previously, but there are others that can be sown from October to January, such as eggplants, the first sowings of cauliflower (November, December), cabbage, celery (September, October), okra (October), potatoes (high and cool southern districts), broccoli (January), and cape gooseberry (November).—**Our Home Gardener.**



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*DAHLIAS in brilliant color make a contrast with the green grass outside the entrance of Government House, Melbourne. The grounds are now being groomed with care for the Royal visit.*

# Two jobs for now: lawns and dahlias

***• A well-kept lawn makes an excellent foreground for the colorful dahlia. Now is the time for the lawn to be mown, top-dressed, watered, and fertilised, and to plan dahlia displays for summer and autumn. The article at left gives the main points of dahlia culture, and below are instructions for making your lawn grow green and vigorous.***

## Summer Gardening

IN October dahlia clumps should be taken from storage, cleaned, and put in moist soil to sprout.

Leave the clumps in the ground for about three weeks, keeping them moist to encourage growth.

Named varieties should have their labels left standing well above the ground so that they can be easily identified.

When the sprouts are about ½in. to 1in. long, lift the tubers and divide them.

Individual dahlia tubers with a shoot or two attached make the best plants. Sometimes, however, there is only one sprout to one or a group of two or three tubers. It pays to leave them as "twins" or "triplets," because often the blind tubers will not sprout.

Dig the holes for the tubers in good quality soil in full sunlight. The dahlia does not like shade. Make the holes 6in. to 7in. deep and wide enough to take the biggest tuber when lying on its side.

Do not plant big tubers upright. They naturally radiate in a spokelike formation from the plant base or stem. Put bedding and charm dahlias fairly close together, but big decoratives, hybrid cactus, and others that grow robustly should be given ample elbow room—3ft. to 3ft. 6in. between plants.

Put the stakes in for tall varieties after digging the holes. Place each tuber on its side with the sprout pointing towards the stake. Then fill in with soil, firm lightly, and water well.

When the plants are about 12in. tall, pinch out the top of the sappy stem, leaving only about two pairs of leaves. This will induce shrubbiness, stout stems, and further lateral growth from the leaf-axils.

Further pinchings back should be made later of laterals so that the plant will grow strong, sturdy, and capable of carrying a heavy crop of good-sized blooms.

As the weather warms up dahlias will start to grow tall. Because they are very brittle and liable to wind damage they should be tied to the stakes from the first 10in. to 12in. upwards.

If many stems appear from old clumps left standing from the previous year, or from "triplet" tubers planted this year, remove all but two at most. This will ensure strong plants that will bear good-sized, high-quality blooms.

Too many stems cause mildew and other troubles in moist, humid seasons.

Dahlias are not gross feeders, but they like supplementary feeding, apart from what you have put into the ground during winter.

Liquid manure is probably the safest, provided it is given weak and often. It should be applied when the soil is moist.

Pinching out tops of over-tall plants is advised, and regular disbudding will lead to the production of fewer but better-quality blooms.

Dahlias should be watered carefully. Wet soil and not the foliage, which is very subject to powdery and downy mildew. A perforated hose that trickles at intervals and reaches only the roots is an ideal gadget to use.

Keep down weeds by frequent hoeing, but as the plants reach the flowering stage, cease hoeing and do all weeding by hand, or the feeding roots, which spread widely on the surface in some varieties, may be seriously damaged.

Regular dusting with lime and sulphur, or gammexane sprayings, will kill red spiders, and DDT will wipe out all grubs, thrips, aphis, caterpillars, and small snails. Baiting with metadehyde and bran will keep down slugs and snails.

LAWNS which receive a lot of foot traffic need worn patches touching up in spring, new turves inserted in bare places, and thin areas top-dressed with light loam and fertiliser.

However, there is little to be said in commendation of the widespread habit of topdressing lawns indiscriminately whether they need it or not—sometimes two or three times a year.

Lawns that are constantly watered and not cut fairly short or are fed too much and grow lank invariably become spongy.

The chief cause of sponginess is the neglect of regular mowing and top-dressing is not the cure.

The grass should be cut fairly short and then watered thoroughly.

Next feed the grass to get it growing well again. After that, if the roots are still matted and spongy, topdress a little at a time.

Even grass has to breathe, and if you smother it with a blanket of heavy soil or useless mineral sand you will kill it outright.

A light, even topdressing of well-sieved sandy loam, to which has been added fertiliser (preferably a cupful of sulphate of ammonia to every half bushel of soil) will encourage best growth. Scatter evenly and rake in.

The second and third topdressings, which must also be light, should not contain fertiliser, but the fourth application (if necessary) should again contain sulphate of ammonia. Once the grass is growing vigorously you can raise the blades of your mower slightly and just cut off the tops of the grass.

Unsightly yellow lawns often seen in summer are invariably the result of letting the grass grow too tall and then cutting it too short. The grass blades shade and bleach each other. When the mower is used, all one sees left is a yellow, jaundiced-looking patch that often takes weeks to recover its greenness.

One often sees gardens with sprinklers running for hours every day—needlessly.

One good saturation a week, lasting, say, an hour, is quite sufficient to keep a lawn in good color in any ordinary season. During heat waves and long, hot, dry, windy periods, more may be necessary.

Careful mowing, using keen blades instead of old, blunt ones that tear instead of cutting the grass, combined with light feeding, sensible watering, regular weed removal, and efficient topdressing, are the secrets of a good lawn.

*Growing daisies, page 30*



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# Rum Jungle: the spot for a village

*HOUSEWIFE. Mrs. Joan Lemass, who was the first woman in Batchelor. Her baby daughter, Jaunita, was born there recently.*

*BRITISH WAR BRIDE Mrs. Pat Snowball, who came to Australia in 1946 and lived at her husband's home at Greycliffs, Victoria, until he went to Batchelor as a mine assayer.*

*WELDERS at work on one of the huge containers to be used in the uranium-processing plant. The work going on at Rum Jungle is of national and international importance.*

## Modern town is now being planned near uranium field

**It's cheaper to be a bachelor at Batchelor—the new town which is springing up rapidly in the Northern Territory near Rum Jungle—but the wives of the non-bachelors are doing all right, too.**

By ROBERT KENNEDY, a member of the first Press party to visit Rum Jungle.

BATCHELOR is six miles from the Rum Jungle uranium field in the Northern Territory and 62 miles from Darwin, and there Territory Enterprises Pty. Ltd. is building a township for the families who live and work on the uranium field.

**Although it seems like the end of the world when you look on a map, Batchelor shows signs of becoming a model suburb. The only trouble is that it hasn't got a city attached.**

But the women I spoke to up there while inspecting the Rum Jungle mines seemed to think they'd hit the jackpot.

Houses—25 of them—are already up and being lived in, another 32 are under construction, and 80 are planned altogether. A huge amenities block, to include a shop, snack bar, milk bar, and dance hall-picture theatre, is laid out and going up rapidly.

Units to hold 84 single men are built; units to hold another 84 are nearly finished, and a block for single women (there are only six among about 400 single men at present) is planned.

Single men pay £2/15/- a week for board and lodging. Married men pay £2/10/- a week for rent of their houses and have to buy their own food, which explains why it is cheaper to be a bachelor.

For her £2/10/- the housewife gets a lot of value.

The houses have either two or three bedrooms, are modern prefabs, and come to the occupiers complete with electric light, sewerage, electric refrigerators, washing machines, stoves, and basic furniture such as beds and the odd table and cupboards. All these cost nothing.

Each house, depending on its number of bedrooms, costs between £3500 and £4000. All are built up on bearers, stilt-fashion, to allow whatever cool breezes are around to get under the floors.

Just now, with work going on at a pace that would have city home-builders weeping envious tears of blood, there's a certain amount of organised chaos in the area.

But eventually the place will be extraordinarily attractive. The streets (there'll be at least four, all with aboriginal names) are curved, and will run into a wide "escape" road at either end. Each of these roads will lead on to the super highway which rolls 62 miles to Darwin and allows speeds up to 100 m.p.h., if you're in that much of a hurry.

Builders have left as many trees as possible on the village site.

The householders will be able to maintain their own gardens, and they won't find that very difficult. Their main trouble, in fact, will be to keep these gardens from getting out of hand.

When "The Wet" comes to the Territory, the clouds open their hearts and rain falls down in bucketfuls for about two months. When that's over the sun becomes fiercely hot and everything in the ground starts to grow madly.

Spear grass can grow to 8ft. and seldom stops at less than 6ft. Weeds utter shrill yips of delight and leap upon puny imported plants with homicidal intent. Vegetables, particularly tomatoes, they tell me, grow bigger, better, brighter, more beautifully, and taste better up there than anywhere else.

So the isolated wives of Batchelor shouldn't have any worries on that score.

In a few months, when everything is organised, they'll be able to look out of their pastel-painted houses over green lawns that stretch out of sight (and which they don't have to cut), across their flower beds and their vegetable gardens.

If they feel like a rest and all the work in their electric, gadget-filled homes is done, they can go out into the shade of the blossoming calliphallum trees, sit down, and think of what life was like in a couple of rooms with cons. (shared) in some grimy, poky little street in a city down south.

**I was invited into three of the houses and found three women, all from widely different environments, all very enthusiastic about life in the north.**

First, there was Esther James, wife of Robert James, mine superintendent.

Both she and her husband are Americans. She has three children—a girl of five, two boys, one three, the other 15 months—and expects to have her fourth child in Darwin Hospital soon. Before she went to Batchelor, she spent a year in Melbourne with her husband.

And how does she like it up there?

"It's fine," she said. "The climate is not as bad as people say it is. Why, it's something quite like Missouri, where my husband and I come from."

Then there was Pat Snowball, whose husband, John, is an assayer at the mine. She, too, came a long way to Batchelor. She was a British war bride who met and married her husband in 1944 while he was in England with the Royal Australian Air Force.

She has a daughter aged five, and thinks Batchelor is "splendid."

"It's a long way from England, where you can't get away from crowds if you want to, but I like it here. Especially now I've got a house," was her comment.

The first woman at Batchelor was Joan Lemass, formerly of Sydney, whose husband, Keith, from Brisbane, is a carpenter on the project.

She's been married two years and arrived in Batchelor in August of last year. She also won the distinction of having the first Batchelor baby—Jaunita, born in Darwin six months ago, and apparently thriving on the life.

Mrs. Lemass found things a little tough at first.

Now?—"With our house and all the things in it, it's wonderful. You'd have to try very hard to get me back to one of the cities, living in a few poky rooms," she told me.

The way the Rum Jungle uranium mines are developing, she probably won't have to move for a long time.

Work of national (and international) importance is going on up there and all the people seem to realise it. They seem to appreciate that what is being done in Rum Jungle, perhaps the world's richest deposit of uranium, may decide Australia's future.

*DRILLING in progress at an open-cut mine, Rum Jungle, Northern Territory, where rich deposits of uranium are being mined by workers from all over the Commonwealth.*

*MESS HUT at Batchelor, near Rum Jungle, where Territory Enterprises Pty. Ltd. is building a modern township for the miners and their families. Already 25 houses are up, a further 32 are under construction, and 80 are planned altogether. Weekly rent is £2/10/-.*



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GLAMOR-GIRL of the team, 19-year-old Marlene Bauer, designs and makes her own clothes. Here she wears a midnight-blue velvet cocktail frock with a Chinese neckline.

SISTERS Marlene (left) and Alice Bauer prefer to play golf in shorts, but these are banned on Australian courses. Here Marlene wears white linen shorts with a black sweater. Alice tops her lemon shorts with a sky-blue sweater. Pictures by staff photographer John Askew.

# Teed-up for leisure

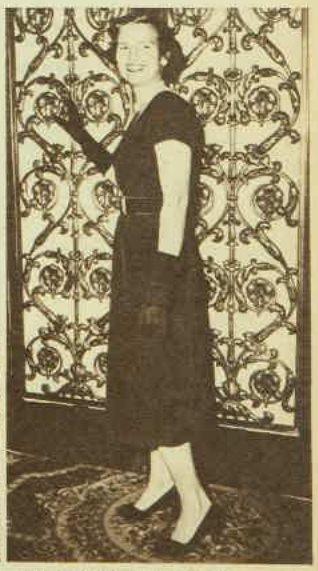
● Members of the American ladies' golf team now in Australia have widely differing personalities, yet they get along well together on and off the course.

On this page you see them relaxing in favorite clothes.

They are making a five weeks' tour of Australian eastern States and playing in the Ampol Tournament in Sydney from October 14 to 17.

HAWAIIAN Mrs. Jackie Pung, who weighs 15 stone, enjoys being fat. For dinner dates she wears a white summerweight tailored suit. Dark blue shorts with a gay Hawaiian silk shirt are her choice for relaxing.

BLONDE, vivacious Alice Bauer made this lace-and-nylon cocktail dress. She makes all her clothes.



PEGGY KIRK is more interested in golf and flying than fashion, and wears formal, tailored clothes, a taste reflected in her play outfits. Peggy chose the black faille dinner dress (right) in Sydney. It has a jacket.

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# First up with the latest!

## New Pelaco Sportmaster—a year ahead in fashion and fabrics

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First with luxurious fabrics that "glow"
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You must see the Sportmaster range before you buy your new sport shirts.

Ask at your men's store for **Pelaco Sportmaster**

It is indeed a lovely shirt, Sir!



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"What can we DO if we aren't allowed to get into trouble?"

"Tomorrow night at eight will be fine. I'll be sure to have my burglary insurance paid by then."

# It seems to me

By Dorothy Drain

WITH Woomera in the news, and likely to be more so in the future, it will be interesting to see whether Australia becomes as conscious of the possibility of a third world war as is America.

After an atomic air raid test in New York last month, authorities announced that more than a million people would have been killed had the tests been genuine.

In keeping with this rather alarming frankness was a ten-page article I read in an American magazine the other day. Entitled "Panic," it was written by the head of the U.S. Civil Defence Administration, Mr. Val Peterson, who stated that Americans were the most "panic-prone" nation of all.

By the time Mr. Peterson got through citing all the horrible instances of panic in the United States and out of it, and forecasting what could happen in a raid, one wondered whether jitters were likely to be increased or decreased by such an article.

Firmly putting my head in the sand, I found a couple of cheery bits. It was a relief to learn that porcupines, turtles, and armadillos seem almost panic-proof (because of their quills and shells), and that the snowy owl never panics (possibly because it is silly).

Cowboys are the least panicky Americans, but not as calm as the snowy owl.

The author also remarked (with satisfaction, I thought) that the use of the word "panic" had increased in the American Press by 1447 per cent. in the past five years, and that of the word "survival" by 2034 per cent.

He did his best to keep the figure up. At a rough count I found panic (or panicky, panicked, and unpanicked) used 65 times in the article.

Come to think of it, I've made my own modest contribution in this paragraph.

* * *

ONE must applaud the single-mindedness of the American woman who recently flew the Atlantic wearing steel curlers in her hair.

She was Mrs. Betty Levitus, an American Army captain's wife, and was on her way to meet him in Germany. "I think every woman should look her best to see her husband," she said.

Let us hope the captain appreciates a wife like this. A woman who would expose a head full of steel curlers to a plane load of passengers in order to present a well-groomed head to her husband is above rubies.

Ulysses' Penelope, warding off suitors for 20 years, would esteem her a worthy successor.

Suggestion for wives who wish to outdo Mrs. Levitus: Board the plane wearing a face-pack of egg and oatmeal.

* * *

"MEN who like cats make the best husbands," said a sea captain's wife, Mrs. Agnes Lloyd, in London the other day.

Let us hope no man will be ungallant enough to say, "Naturally!"

PASSING through a Sydney shop the other day my eye was arrested by a wonderful contraption labelled "Day-dreamer."

It was a bright yellow canvas lounge thing, poised on what appeared to be folding legs, with a yellow canvas head canopy. Garden and porch furniture always fascinates me, probably because I have neither garden nor porch.

This particular piece, with its fanciful name, was obviously designed for a brunette. No mousy-haired girl could possibly contemplate day-dreaming in it.

No, the thing would be set somewhere in the shade, with the brunette, impeccably dressed in casual clothes, striking a graceful attitude and pretending to day-dream. Across the green grass would be striding a young man, stopped in his tracks by the picture.

He, too, would be dressed impeccably—not in cream flannels, unfortunately, because they're out of date . . .

And that is where one should leave the scene. Eventually the brunette and the young man would marry, and he, with a weekend beard, would be lounging in the now shabby "Day-dreamer," and the brunette would be crying, "Aren't you ever going to tidy up that back yard?"

Imagination should never be carried too far.

* * *

A FRIEND reports that the other weekday she saw two young men going fishing as she caught her ferry for work.

They had the usual gear, would have passed for orthodox fishermen in spite of their clean white pullovers, but there was one remarkable departure. They carried a portable radio.

One can imagine the delight of all the other rock fishermen when these two tuned in. There is a widely held belief, fostered by taciturn types, that talk or noise of any kind disturbs fish.

And yet, if a man likes to listen to the hit parades in between bites, he could very easily develop a theory that music charms fish.

But I can't see it gaining currency among any fishermen I know. They'd more likely toss the two young men, portable and all, into the jaws of the nearest groper.

* * *

MISS REGINA TUCK, a Canadian visitor to London, told reporters before she left for home: "The Englishman, with his morning suit, bowler hat, rolled umbrella, and handlebar moustache, is just cute."

*The Englishman's a fellow who is calm,*
*Unruffled and impervious to slights.*
*He seldom shows his feelings or registers alarm,*
*And never seeks unnecessary fights.*
*He's English and he rests upon his name,*
*A slander hardly bothers to refute,*
*And yet I think a shudder might disturb his august frame*
*To hear a lady tourist call him cute.*


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# Elegance in London

***London fashions scheduled for autumn show wonderful new fabrics and opulent fur trims. Bosom emphasis is important and skirt lengths remain unchanged fourteen inches from the ground.***

*A DOUBLE SKIRT is a new feature of the pure silk cocktail dress on the right. The slim-line model shown with it, made in gold metallic rayon, has a simple sleeveless bodice top finished with a sailor-type collar. Mattli models.*

*FORM-FITTING lines for the black-and-lemon tweed suit, above right. The model contrasts sharply with the dress and boxy fur-trimmed jacket ensemble on the left. Both models are by Michael.*

*

*RIGHT: Digby Morton calls this black-and-pink ensemble "Bull-fighter." The high-waisted tweed skirt hugs the torso. The bust-length bolero is in fuchsin satin in matching color to the tiny velvet hat.*

*SPECTACULAR white duchess satin coat designed by John Cavanagh to wear over cocktail and short evening dresses. The coat is lined with black sealskin, and is buttoned to match. The upstanding collar highlights the straight lines of the coat. Black accessories complete the outfit. Note the flat, forward-worn velvet beret.*



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# Big chance in theatre

*AUSTRALIAN ACTOR Lloyd Lamble, now in London, has appeared in 17 British films. He has also played stage and television roles. His latest venture is production.*

*NEW ZEALAND-BORN Lesley Jackson, who is married to Lloyd Lamble, is a rising young star of the British theatre. Her latest play is "A Chance of Happiness."*

## Australian actor Lloyd Lamble produces West End shows

**After many appearances on the London stage, in television, and British films, Australian actor Lloyd Lamble recently turned his hand to production.**

*By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff*

THE versatile Lamble was chosen to produce two West End shows, both of which he describes as "plays with music."

One of these was "The Buccaneer" at the tiny but fashionable late-night theatre, The Watergate, just off the Strand. The other was "Lucky Boy" at the Winter Garden Theatre in Drury Lane.

"The Buccaneer," a satire by rising young English playwright Sandy Wilson, who only lately had his first big success at the Players' Theatre, has two Australians in the cast.

**They are Enid Lorimer, of "Mrs. Dr. Mac" fame, and Redmond Phillips, who is well known in the Sydney radio and theatre worlds.**

The success of this play could well give Lloyd Lamble a place in the exclusive hierarchy of top West End producers, and establish Sandy Wilson as an author.

Wilson, incidentally, is a protege of the great Noel Coward himself.

Lamble is also known to Noel Coward, who remembers his performance in "Design for Living" at Sydney's Minerva Theatre.

It's characteristic of most Australian artists doing well in London that they remember their colleagues from home when there are roles going in the theatre here.

But Lamble explains the choice of two Australians for his cast in another way.

"Two of the parts immediately put me in mind of Enid Lorimer and Redmond Phillips, because I knew their work and how well they could do it. But I was careful not to give them auditions alone. They were voted in on merit."

The cast of "Lucky Boy" is headed by tiny, blond film star Patricia Dainton, Doris Hare, who toured Australia on the Tivoli circuit a few years ago, and ex-musical comedy star Harry Welshman, now turned straight actor.

"It's a popular play," Lloyd said, "packed with hit tunes; the sort of play that goes down well with the customers and not so well with the critics."

Lamble and his wife, New Zealand actress Lesley Jackson, who went to Australia on a J. C. Williamson contract, live in what they describe as "a most unrespectable quarter of London.

"Even our grocer raises his eyebrows at our address," said Lloyd.

Their household consists of themselves and a willful black-and-tan pup they found heading for an untimely end on a suburban railway station.

Lesley, a vivacious blonde with a hint of ginger, claims that she was educated and fortified for a British kitchen by The Australian Women's Weekly cookery section.

"Till then I couldn't cook an egg," she told me. "But I couldn't open a page of the back section without being snared by the look of a recipe."

**Not that she has much time in the kitchen now. She was off to Brighton to open in a new play, "A Chance of Happiness," with Rosamund John.**

"You run into bits and pieces of Australia round every corner of the theatre here," Lesley commented. "In the same cast, for instance, there's Derek Prentice, once a B.B.C. news reader.

"He went out to Australia under contract to 3DB as producer and chief announcer. One of the best performances I watched during rehearsals was Joan Laing-Dillon's. Joan came to England years ago, and has been working her way solidly round the English theatre ever since."

**I can add that Joan Laing-Dillon also mothered hundreds of Australian P.O.W.s on their way home from Germany through London.**

Lamble, who is getting a little tired of being reminded that he is the spit-and-image of Van Heflin, is striking out in other ways. He's written three plays in London, one of which has producers dickering now.

"It's called 'Schizofrantic,'" he said. "What is it? Son, all I'm prepared to say about it is that it's brilliantly funny." He grinned.

The score of Lamble's appearances here, there, and everywhere in Britain since he arrived reads rather like a lesson in how-to-get-on-by-applying-yourself.

He had come from Australia armed with the distinctions of having appeared in "Born Yesterday," "Edward, My Son," and "Under the Counter" with Hartley Power, Robert Morley, and Cicely Courtneidge respectively.

In Britain he went straight into film work and was soon playing feature roles. His latest have been in "Street Corner," "Appointment in London," "Gilbert and Sullivan," and "Curtain Up."

He has done a television series for Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and made the West End's bright lights in two plays as an actor before his debut as a producer.

He's yet another proof of the theatrical maxim that stars come and go, but character actors find solid work at every turn and go on forever.

There's not a part Lamble can think of that he'd turn down.

"Not even," he said with a wry grin, "if they asked me to play Van Heflin's twin brother!"

## LIPSTICK OFFER

**So many readers have taken advantage of our offer of a sample Riding Hood Red lipstick that first supplies have not been sufficient to cope with the demand. However, the manufacturers are now delivering more lipsticks, and everyone who has ordered a sample will receive one. If yours is a little late in arriving, there is no need to write again. You will get it very shortly.**



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# YOUTH CELEBRATES G.P.S. CARNIVAL DAY

*COMPETITOR. Grammar athlete Ray Chapman talks with Margot Coote (centre) and Pat Butler. The Athletics Meeting was held at the Cricket Ground.*

*NEWINGTON ENTHUSIASTS Carole White (left), Tony Stokes, and Carole's sister, Judith, barrack excitedly while Marion Crowle (second from right) and her brother, Bob, support Grammar, who won the junior championship. Both Carole and Judith wore gay summer cottons.*

*SCARLET CARTWHEEL HAT was worn with her grey glazed cotton dress by Charmian Kaleski (left), who went to the sports with Mareah Ludowici.*

*YOUTHFUL GUESTS. Rodney Herbert and Elizabeth Costello at the cocktail party given in the big schoolroom at Grammar after the G.P.S. Athletics.*

*SHORE SCHOOLBOYS Ian Shearman (left) and Bruce Sherrington, with pretty Sue Dowling, urge Shore's team on to victory with loud barracking. Shore came second in the senior championship.*


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*BEST-DRESSED single girls at the Black-and-White Ball were Marcia Moses (centre), Jill Campbell (right), and Diana Berkman. Marcia's white organdie frock featured one shoulder strap of large white guipure lace flowers.*

*PRIZE-WINNERS among the matrons at the Black-and-White Ball were Mrs. Lennox Bode (centre), Mrs. Tom Carlyon (left), and Mrs. David Lloyd Jones. Mrs. Bode wore a white embroidered organza gown with a matching long-sleeved jacket.*

# SOCIAL JOTTINGS

*GUESTS Sue Playfoir (left) and Mrs. L. J. Herron with their host, Mr. Robert Asquith, of Halifax, England, at his farewell party, which was held at the Australia Hotel.*

*AT RANDWICK. Mrs. Jack Cassidy (left) and Commander and Mrs. Bill Cook on their way to the Committee's rooms for luncheon on the last day of the Spring Meeting.*

***RECEPTION in the gardens of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Vicars' home at Darling Point will follow the wedding of their daughter, Ann, to Harry Jerram, at St. Mark's, Darling Point.***

Harry arrived here from England last Tuesday, and an excited Ann, who hasn't seen her fiance for four months, tells me that now they will be able to choose a definite date for the wedding, which will take place during the third week in February.

Bridesmaids will be Ann's younger sister, Judith, and Margaret Chambers.

• • •

AMONG guests who went on to Prince's after attending the cocktail party given at the American Club by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hazell were members of the Moses clan—Mr. and Mrs. Bill Moses, of "Gunnible," Gunnedah, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moses, of "Couralie," Moree, and Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Moses.

• • •

I HEAR that Rosalind Doyle is having such a wonderful time abroad that she won't be coming home for at least twelve months. Rosalind has recently returned to London from a ski-ing holiday in Kitzbuhl, Austria. She is sharing a flat with Molly Atherton, of Burradoo.

• • •

AFTER a motoring honeymoon to Melbourne and Adelaide, recently married John and Barbara Matchett will live on John's property, "Hazeldean," Boomi. Barbara is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Patterson, of Tamworth.

• • •

THEY'RE engaged . . . Rita Keeffe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Keeffe, of Bellata, and Bruce Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Taylor, of "Milton Downs," Bellata.

TWO Australian women, Dr. Mary Cronin, of Bellevue Hill, and Dr. Heather Dick, from Ballarat, Victoria, were among the 2000 doctors who attended the international congress on radiology at Copenhagen. Dr. Cronin tells me that the seven-day congress was a whirl of meetings in the daytime and parties at night. Making London her headquarters, Dr. Cronin visited all the Scandinavian countries before she flew home, via America, by B.C.P.A. Souvenirs of the trip include exquisite china ware from Copenhagen — and a tin-opener from America, which has a magnet to hold the tin's lid, preventing the possibility of cut fingers.

Anne

*FIRST NIGHT. Mrs. Dick Opie (left) and Mrs. E. Adamson were among the audience in the foyer of the Theatre Royal before the opening of "Dial M For Murder."*

*LADIES' DAY. Mrs. Hector Livingston (left) arrives at Randwick with Mr. Tim Whitney and Mrs. Strath Playfair. Mrs. Livingston covered her black sheath with a charcoal-and-black striped short coat.*

*EX-STUDENTS' MEETING. Mrs. Robert Gill (who was Margaret Salenger), left, and Mrs. David Moore (June Robinson) at the Abbotsleigh Old Girls' annual meeting.*



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# HIGHLIGHTS IN SPRING FASHIONS

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*THREE VARIETIES of the daisy family, pink marguerite, New Zealand lilac; white common French marguerite, and yellow marguerite. Clumps of daisies make fine garden backgrounds.*

# THE DAISIES

**Daisy is the common name for many flowers, ranging from the tiny daisy of lawn or field, with blooms about as big as threepenny pieces, to the big ox-eyes, shastas, leptosynes, and the giant arctotis and venidiums, which produce blooms 4 to 5 inches across.**

DAISY was the name given in poetry and literature to the cheerful bellis perennis, or English double daisy, a dwarf border plant bearing either snowy white or red-and-white blooms on stems about 6in. long.

The handsome shasta daisy is really a chrysanthemum, C. leucanthemum. In recent years it has been "improved" as a result of sports or mutations which have developed double blooms and needled or fringed petals.

**In all there are about a dozen different forms of daisy, but the single original, with its fine white petals and yellow centre, is still prime favorite with most gardeners.**

The ox-eye daisy is a common weed in England. It frequently infests thousands of acres of land, making it useless for grazing. It not only reproduces itself from stolons or roots, but seeds prolifically. Its single white blooms are very decorative.

The Paris daisy or marguerite is a true composite and is obtainable in single and double whites, yellow, pinks, and blue (Felicia amelloides). The marguerite is also properly a chrysanthemum, and in mild climates it flowers the year round.

The Berberton or Transvaal daisy, known here as the gerbera, is a composite, and in recent years has received a lot of attention from plant breeders because of its variability of color and the fact that new double sports have been raised.

The gerbera can be easily raised from fresh seed, but is unreliable. Seed should be scattered lightly on top of well-moistened soil and pressed in, being covered only by a light sprinkling of fine sand or sieved leafmould. The plant is a sun-lover and blooms only when given an open position.

Leptosyne, or yellow winter daisy as it is sometimes called, is an honest sort of plant. It does best if the seed is sown about March in an open bed where it has to spend its entire life, because the plants do not transplant well.

There are several other varieties known as African daisies, including arctotis stoechadifolia and lonas inodora, and the annual and perennial dimorphothecas, all of which are of pale or pastel color and very beautiful. The dimorphothecas flower in mild climates throughout the winter and early spring.

Michaelmas daisies are rightly perennial asters. There are very many pastel colors, varying from palest pink, blue,

## SUMMER GARDENING

and mauve, through bright reds, deep blues, purples and bicolors.

They are usually raised from divisions, but also seed freely in some districts. They need lifting regularly and dividing or the stems become shorter each year as the plants work hard and produce heavy crops of foliage and bloom.

**Erigeron aurantiacus, or orange daisy, produces aster-like flowers, obtainable in white, rose, violet, and yellow. It can be raised easily from seed or from root divisions. It does best in full sunlight in warm, sandy soil.**

There are both annual and perennial erigerons, some of which do well if allowed to run wild. The double orange daisy, erigeron aurantiacus, is easily the most showy of the whole family, and makes a very bright rockery specimen.

The field daisy, with its tiny white and pink blooms regarded as a pest in England, was introduced years ago in Melbourne and has taken possession of some of the finest lawns in various public gardens there.

The crown or garland daisy, chrysanthemum coronarium, is a shrubby annual with yellowish or white daisy-like flowers and deeply cut leaves. The tender young shoots are often eaten in the East.

**The painted daisy, pyrethrum coccineum, is a perennial with finely cut leaves bearing white, lilac, or crimson flower heads on long stems.**

The Nippon daisy, which, as its name suggests, came from Japan, is a 2ft., hardy perennial belonging to the chrysanthemum family.

Monarch of the Veldt, or Venidium fastuosum, is one of the crankies of the daisy family to raise. The foliage is very subject to leaf miner fly attack.

The blooms, four to five inches across, have dark purple to brown centres, and the petals, according to variety, range from gold, yellow, cream, and orange. There are both annual and perennial varieties. Seed should be sown in early autumn for flowering the following season.

The native daisy of New Zealand, lagenophosa forsteri, is well known here, and so is the Easter daisy, Townsendia exscapa. The giant of the family, the tree daisy, or Montanoa, grows to 8ft. or more. It has large, hairy, handsome leaves and big clusters of white flowers. The plants should be set out in well-protected positions, because they are often severely knocked about by strong winds when in bloom.

Gardeners who are anxious to plant out daisy gardens should select from the list given those that they consider would best serve their purposes, aspects, and climates. Most of them can be sown from seed during late summer or early autumn. Plants that need raising from divisions should be allowed to flower first and be split up when the weather cools off.

—Our Home Gardener




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# Worth Reporting

A BRIGADE of 20,000 dreamers, all dreaming to a set plan, was forecast by 55-year-old Polish violinist Jacob Roscoe, of King's Cross, Sydney, when he called to tell us about the dream group he conducts.

"This is no foolish fantasy," he said. "It is a possibility.

"Think of it. If the Government wanted to solve a certain problem, such as finding oil or something very difficult, these specially trained dreamers could all be set this dream problem. And it would be solved."

Mr. Roscoe, also known as Mr. Ross and Julian H. Rusieki, told us that there are two types of dreams, long-wave dreams, which are meaningless ramblings of the subconscious mind, and short-wave dreams, which are the most important and can be given many interpretations.

He added that dreams were worthless unless the dreamer had a problem on hand.

"I don't claim to interpret the dreams, but I can read the signs and symbols and advise on how dreams should be applied to any problem which is worrying the dreamer," he explained.

Mr. Roscoe, who buys good dreams and has already collected 1000 for inclusion in a book, reads dreams with a special chart. He evolved the chart after much research.

"People have much more interesting dreams when they know what the chart means and what I am after," he said. "I suppose you'd say they become trained dreamers.

"Anyone who has a sensitive nature and hasn't a hobby should take up this study of dreams," advised Mr. Roscoe. "The best dreamers are between 30 and 50 years."

Mr. Roscoe has found that women make better group dreamers than men, who are too practical and usually too realistic to be interested in that sort of thing.

We asked Mr. Roscoe whether he was married. "Oh, never," he replied hurriedly. "I must have peace for my dreams.

"Anyway, I have all sorts of gadgets in my bedroom around the bed. Loud speakers, bells, different colored lights, and other things to wake me at certain times during the night."

For forgetful people, Mr. Roscoe advises:

"Have a pencil and paper handy, and, without waking up properly, jot down a couple of reference words to remind you of your dreams.

"To think of all those wonderful dreams which are going to waste every night, and no one bothers about them," he added.

★ ★ ★

*A PICTURE show on the north coast of New South Wales has a gigantic Union Jack painted on the front of the building from roof to awning level. Only trouble, reports a colleague who saw it, is that the broad white stripes are where the narrow ones should be, and vice versa. Otherwise, as a Coronation year gesture, it's fine.*

*"I'd say you were as near to being normal as anybody ever gets."*

### *Legacy scholar goes to Cambridge*

WINNER of this year's Gellibrand Scholarship is brilliant Perth scholar Brian Ketterer, who is now on his way to England to study at Clare College, Cambridge.

The scholarship, which entitles Brian to two years at Clare College, is named after the late Major-General Sir John Gellibrand, who founded Legacy.

**Brian, a 23-year-old ex-Junior Legatee, is the son of Mrs. E. K. Ketterer, of Perth, and the late Lieutenant V. A. Ketterer.**

His academic record is impressive. He gained his B.Sc. degree in 1951 with four distinctions and was awarded first-class honors in 1952. In 1952 he was awarded an Australian National Health and Medical Research Council scholarship, which was renewed for 1953.

Brian has also been awarded a Hackett Scholarship from the University of Western Australia, which will give him a third year at Clare College.

**At Cambridge he intends to study for his Doctorate of Philosophy and will do research on hormones of the pituitary glands.**

Science is not Brian's only interest. He has a fine baritone voice, was a member of the University graduates' dramatic club and the madrigal group, and has several water-colors to his credit.

Time permitting, Brian hopes to follow these interests at Cambridge, where outdoor madrigal singing is a feature of the famous "May Week."

### *Equestrienne-typist breaks a record*

TYPING and horse riding complement each other very satisfactorily for Miss Edna Hines, who recently created a new Australasian typing record with a speed of 116 words a minute.

We met Miss Hines at the court reporting branch of the Sydney District Court, where she works as a typist.

**"Horse riding helps to strengthen your wrists," she said. "And you need strong wrists for typing at this speed."**

We felt very conscious of our weak wrists as Miss Hines, typing with the rapidity of a machine-gun, gave us a demonstration—but not at 116 words a minute.

"I was trained to the hilt for the speed tests," she said. "Just like a racehorse. And a test like that takes it out of you. I had an aching back and arms for several days afterwards. The nervous tension, I suppose."

The speed test was a ten-minute one, part of the half-yearly commercial examinations held by the Incorporated Phonographic Society of Australia.

The previous record of 107 words a minute had been held since 1946 by Mr. Albert Nelson, who is now a reporter at the District Court.

"To type at high speeds," Miss Hines explained, "you need concentration and stamina. But, above all, you have to love typing and you have to type the right way.

**"You'll notice," she said, getting a little technical, "that I keep my hands as close to the keyboard as I can. There are no wasted movements."**

Miss Hines is also enthusiastic about her other interest, horse riding. Since 1939 she has been a constant competitor in city and country shows and often judges children's competitions.

★ ★ ★

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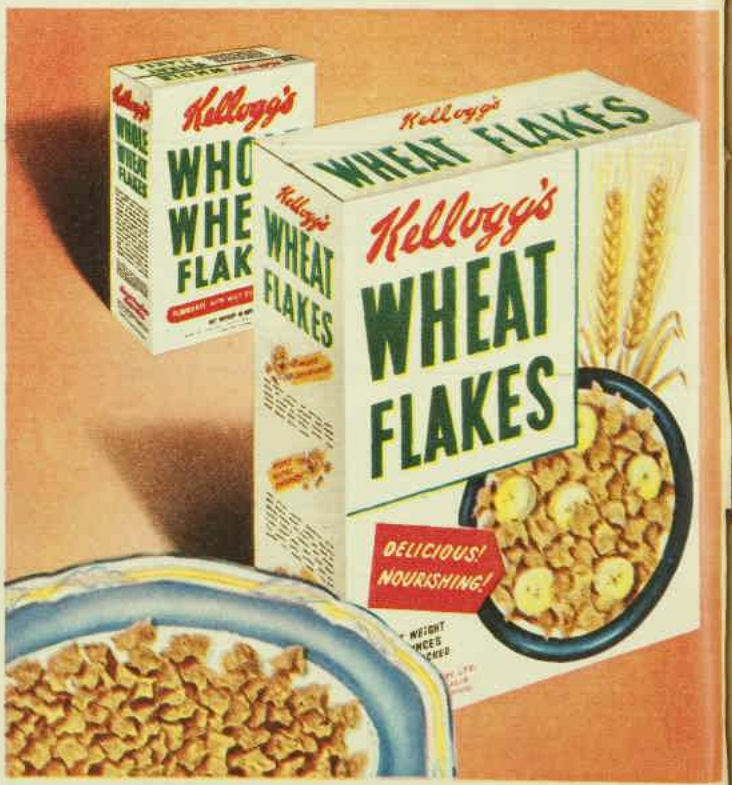
**The Picture** *on this packet promises a star breakfast. For a special treat, just add fresh or stewed fruit to the "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" goodness of these crisp, golden Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.*

**Brand-new Packet** *for the only breakfast cereal that brings you GLUCOSE — "Life's Vital Force". Thrilling new flavour plus a mild laxative action, that's Kellogg's Bran Flakes!*

**Picture of Health!** *Here's the natural way to regularity. Enjoy the nut-sweet flavour of Kellogg's All Bran every morning. Here's the appetizing food that takes the place of harsh laxatives.*

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YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

# Winning an argument

**"A woman's more popular with men if she agrees with all their opinions," said the young matron. She added ruefully, "But it has taken me ten years to wake up to it."**

SHE was recalling the different behaviour of herself and her sister in their teens.

During that time it was the sister who agreed with all the masculine opinions that came her way. She herself always stuck to her own, argued, and defended them.

She had the idea that men —most men—were capable of debating impersonally with a girl and of taking as good as they gave in the argument.

Actually, everybody tends to stigmatise as an idiot anyone who disagrees with one's own views.

Add to this the masculine conviction that women are dear, sweet creatures, but, alas, mental lightweights, and you have this resulting state of affairs:

That the only time a man enjoys arguing with a girl is when he's quite sure he's going to win.

She must be prepared to risk unpopularity if she puts up an unassailable argument.

Men are such bad losers.

Any girl who bests one in an argument usually finds she has won a Pyrrhic victory.

"What a character," he'll remark sourly. "Got some queer ideas."

What he wants is an admiring audience. Here is an extreme example:

"Black is white," he pontificates. Her eyes are raised flatteringly. "Why, John, how clever of you!"

MOST girls instinctively know that they can win by losing, that it pays to be a bit dumb now and then.

And how right they are!

Although a bit irritated, the man will generally welcome these "weaknesses." After all, there's nothing like belief in a girl's inferiority to flatter his consciousness of strength and to gratify his desire for power.

Novels are full of the moral that weakness is appealing.

The intrepid flier daunts her man until he discovers that she can't swim and is terrified of water. The executive businesswoman is losing out with the eligible bachelor until he finds she's too timid to walk down a street alone at night.

MOVED by that sixth sense called women's intuition, girls also adjust their opinions to conform with those of the current boy-friend.

With Tom, she adores Westerns, loves picnics and jive, and can read a whodunit a day.

With Dick, she prefers foreign films, likes leisurely dinners at "little" places, and shares his enthusiasm for the "New Yorker".

With Harry, she has fun at the races, plumps for a technicolor musical every time, and is too busy to read much.

Insincere? Not entirely.

She swings between all these opinions. But she is prepared to like whatever he likes.

If Harry's the one, and Harry throws off at "highbrow", foreign films, why should she say more than that there are some she has enjoyed, but really musicals are so bright—such fun!

One of the drawbacks to being this sort of chameleon is that now and again the doubt arises that, as the history books used to describe King Richard II, she's "amiable but weak."

Admittedly, the sweet agreeableness can be overdone. When she won't express an opinion until someone else has expressed one, when she agrees it was a wonderful book, whereas it bored her stiff, she's being a sheep.

But she needn't expect the boys to like it when she sounds off too firmly on any topic.

Men just don't like "clever" women. This is not to say that the girl who has carried off every available school and university prize won't get her man. If, in addition, she's plain and lacking in personality, she'll still get her man if she wants to.

But she won't be too popular with the majority.

The really clever girl who prizes popularity usually keeps her brains where they don't distress her masculine audience.

ALL this is for when you're young, gay, and carefree, when you've got—or are in pursuit of—a retinue of boy-friends.

If you've settled on The one, and are thinking seriously about a lifelong partnership, you'd better drop the pretence of being a yes-woman and be yourself. Otherwise you'll be headed for discord before the echoes of the wedding bells have died away.

**A bachelor's opinion:**

**SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?**

**WHEN I see a woman smoking—especially a young and beautiful woman—I think, "What a pity that such a lovely creature should spoil herself by indulging in this unhygienic male habit."**

**Granted that most men these days are used to seeing women smoke. But the majority of us, up to the age of marriage at least, tend to put women on a pedestal.**

**Nearly all men smoke, drink, swap yarns, etc. Rightly or wrongly, these earthy qualities are accepted as part of the masculine make-up. But, in this world of greatly changing values, let us at least continue to cherish our illusion that Woman is a being of goddess-like qualities.**

**Could you imagine a goddess with a cigarette and nicotine-stained fingers?**

**Incidentally, how very unromantic it is to kiss a woman who smells of tobacco.**

## DISC DIGEST

NEITHER side of Y6490 will spiral into the hit parades, but I suggest that anyone who likes unpretentious light music should hear it. One side is an infectiously happy item called "Champagne March"; the reverse is a restful atmospheric piece called "Seascape." They follow the current trend and emanate from the films "Current Release" and "The Windjammers" respectively.

* * *

TWO French songs made popular overseas by Charles Trenet and Jean Sablon, "La Mer" and "On the Bridge" (Sur Le Pont d'Avignon) are now selling on the same platter, Y6488, in non-vocal versions by Ted Heath and His Music. "Bridge" is the better of the two, but give them both a spin if you want some dance music with a piquant flavor and smart orchestral treatment.

* * *

LUCIANO VIRGILI, handsome young Italian tenor, makes his debut on EA4125 with "Arrotino," one of the big hits of a season ago in Italy. Despite the fact that my knowledge of Italian is limited to a few words like spaghetti, I found this a thoroughly enjoyable record —principally because Virgili really sings. He sounds even better on the simply titled coupling, "Papa."

* * *

AH, if Tchaikovsky only had a good lawyer there would be some changes made! For instance, on the label of Y6494, "Eternally," a socko vocal version of the theme from "Limelight," is credited to Charles Chaplin. However, there's often so much Tchaikovsky in so many hit tunes that it really doesn't matter, and you'll really like Jimmy Young's singing. Reverse is "My Favorite Song," but it falls a bit flat after "Eternally's" attractive melody.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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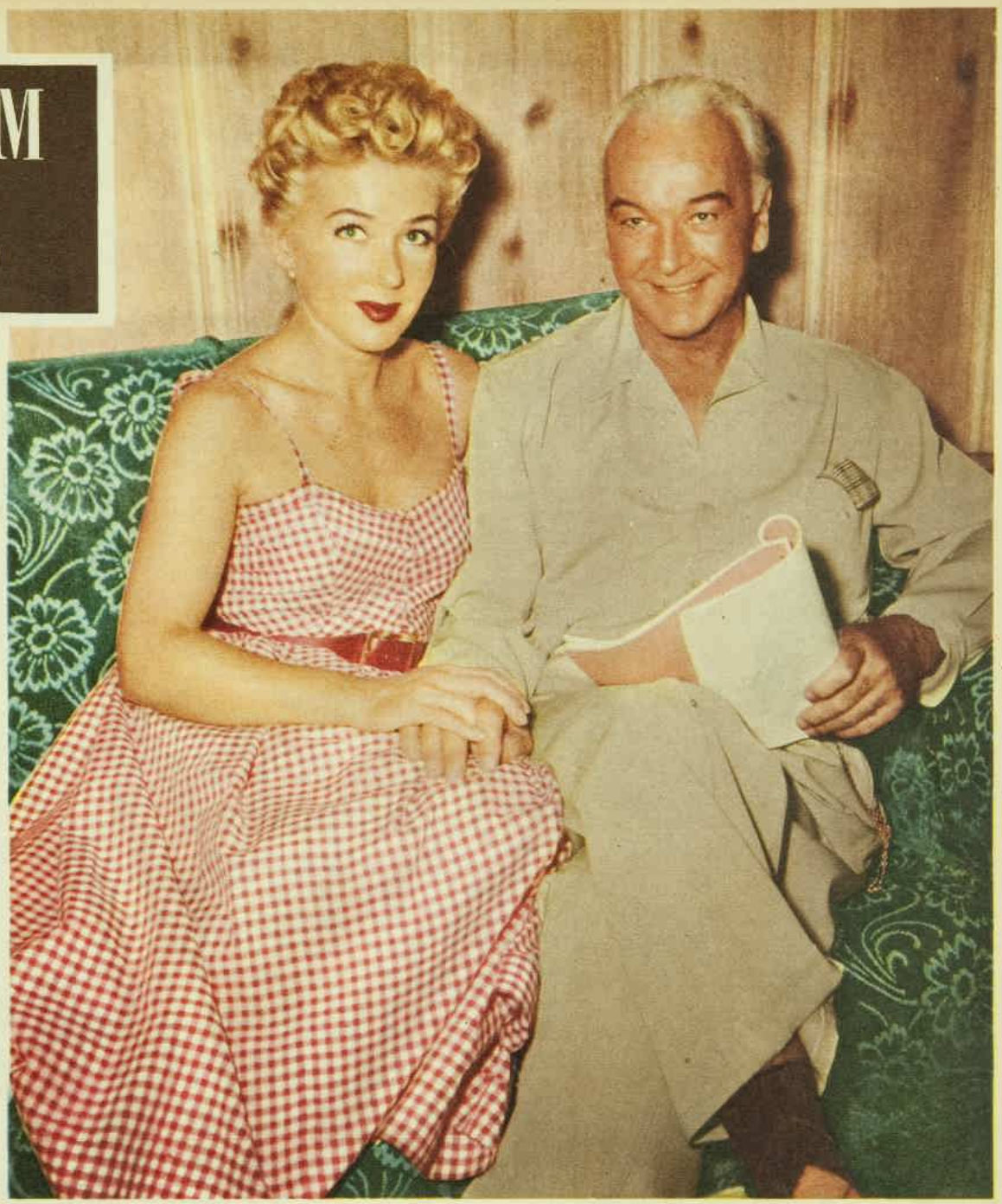
# WILLIAM (Hopalong) BOYD



**★ William Boyd, the Hollywood actor who won fame, fortune, and the hero-worship of two generations of children by identifying himself as the cowboy character Hopalong Cassidy, may make a personal appearance tour in Australia early next year.**

*By PAULA WALLING, in Hollywood*

THE Hopalong Cassidy unit is now sweating in the desert sun at historic Placeritas Ranch, some 50 miles from Hollywood, finishing a programme of television movies.

Hoppy, as everybody calls Bill Boyd, owns the company and is the star of the show, but right now he is more interested in trying to work out how he can get to Australia for a nation-wide tour than in camera angles.

Standing in the middle of a winding street bordered on either side by working sets of old western buildings, Hoppy told me as he stroked Topper, his beautiful white stallion, that, though he was keen to visit Australia, there were problems to overcome before he could make the trip.

The journey must fit in with his commitments. There are also quarantine difficulties with Topper.

Tall and tanned, with narrow, blue eyes and white hair, Boyd, at 58, is a dashing figure in his white-trimmed black cowboy regalia.

Squinting against the hot sunlight, Hoppy said, "I want very much to go to Australia, and I'm trying to solve the problems. I think a tour of that country would be one of the greatest things that could happen to me. I want to meet the young people of Australia and I'm going to do everything I can to get to them."

Usually mild mannered and amiable, Hoppy didn't take kindly to my suggestion that he might arrange to borrow or rent a white horse like Topper for his Australian tour.

**He wants the children in Australia to see Topper himself. Australian youngsters will agree wholeheartedly.**

Intelligent, 19-year-old Topper is like one of Boyd's family. Boyd refuses to ride any other horse and claims that Topper is good for many years of acting yet.

We left the heat and went to sip iced drinks in the cool of the frontier bar-room that is one of the sights of Placeritas.

"You see all these props — the tables, chairs, that bar, those chandeliers?" Hoppy asked with pardonable pride. "They're all the real thing. They came from an old saloon on the edge of Death Valley, one where the old, 20-mule teamsters used to stop."

These are some of the traps that give Hopalong Cassidy pictures the realistic touch.

At that moment an assistant director banged through the swinging double doors of the saloon to shout that the camera crew was ready to shoot the next scene.

Flashing his celebrated grin, Hoppy invited me to "Come and see a real horse at work."

The care and attention lavished on Topper is an eye-opener. Kept in perfect condition, the horse is never run hard for long periods—just enough to give him exercise.

He's a regular ham, too. How to relax is one of the actors' tricks that he has picked up along the way.

Going out into the white-hot street, we both blinked. Pointing to the shade of a pepper tree where Topper stood, drooping, splay-legged, dozing, Hoppy murmured. "Now watch this."

Walking over to Topper he mounted him with a flourish, patted his neck, and walked him to a point in front of the camera.

While veteran Western director George Archaimband outlined Hoppy's action in the scene, Topper appeared to listen attentively.

"Okay?" the director asked. "Then let's go. Ready, everybody?" A pause, then he shouted, "Action!"

In a flash Topper came to life. Up came his head, his neck arched, and he reared into the scene with his mane flowing.

Cameras recorded the scene, Hoppy dismounted and Topper scemingly went back to sleep until the next call.

I walked with Hoppy up the dusty street, past the general store, the hotel, Mamie O'Connor's Cafe, Bar, and Grill, a gambling den, and the livery stable, and arrived at a small cottage on the outskirts of the town.

Seated in the shade of the front porch was handsome, brown-eyed Grace Bradley, who was a young actress when she married Bill Boyd 16 years ago.

Grace is Boyd's fifth wife. Today even cynical Hollywood believes that their marriage is a fixture.

Gracie, as everybody on the set calls her, has no regrets about relinquishing her own career. Keeping herself in the background, she goes everywhere with her husband.

After he finishes 26 weeks of television filming, Hoppy will undertake nation-wide tours. He will ride in parades, perform with Topper at circus and rodeo fixtures, appear at children's benefits and outdoor and stadium shows.

Gracie looks after reservations, the packing, hotel accommodation. Hoppy feels this is hard on her, because there is little time for fun or relaxation.

But, according to Mrs. Hopalong Cassidy, the life suits her perfectly.

Certainly, the rewards of success have been enormous for Hoppy Boyd, who is reputed to be a millionaire. A company, "Hopalong Cassidy Enterprises," administers his affairs.

"I own the rights to everything bearing the name 'Hopalong Cassidy'," the star told me. "Everything, that is, but the books and the literary rights. Those belong to Clarence Mulford, the man who created Hoppy in his 'Bar 20' novels."

Perhaps the chief difference between Hoppy Boyd and the character created by Mulford is that Boyd never walked with the peculiar hop which brought about the nickname Hopalong.

"I fell in love with the name Hopalong," Boyd says, "but I thought that the average boy could better find a hero in a man who walked straight and erect."

Hoppy and Gracie have a beautiful small home in the Hollywood hills to which they retire for the few weeks a year allowed them.

*TOP SHOWMAN William (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd and his wife, Grace, may tour Australia in the new year. Hero of youthful Saturday afternoon filmgoers during the old Hopalong Cassidy movie era, today Hoppy is a star of American television.*

Film Fan-Fare
Conducted by M. J. McMAHON



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# Talking of Films

*By M. J. McMAHON*

★★★ *The Band Wagon*

METRO'S "The Band Wagon" is a big splashy musical that is packed with old tunes, bright dialogue, and audience appeal.

Telling satirical touches have been introduced into the stock Broadway story, in which song-and-dance routines are loosely woven around a flimsy romantic plot.

Two veteran musical stars —nimble Fred Astaire and English Jack Buchanan—are the butt of the film's light satire.

Astaire plays the part of an ageing topliner who is eager to make a Broadway musical to bolster his waning popularity.

Debonair as ever, Buchanan is grand in the role of an arty actor-manager-producer who turns Astaire's musical comedy into a travesty of "Faust."

Revolving round these two are some first-class talents. Beautiful ballerina Cyd Charisse proves to be a good partner for Fred Astaire. Oscar Levant is in customary wry form, and bright-faced newcomer Nanette Fabray from Broadway is thoroughly engaging.

Tops among the 15 tunes which dot the film are "Triplets," a specialty sung by Astaire, Fabray, and Buchanan, and "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," to which Astaire and Buchanan perform a simple soft-shoe dance.

In Sydney—Liberty.

## News from studios

THE overthrow of "weeping" Premier Mossadeq by the forces of the Shah of Iran is to be the subject of a forthcoming Hollywood film. It is expected that the film will be made by Christmas. The title? "Mossadeq and the Shah."

* * *

THE girls will get a look at Vittorio Gassman in CinemaScope now that the handsome Italian has signed to star opposite Ava Gardner in "Empress of the Dusk."

## CITY FILM GUIDE

***Films reviewed***

CAPITOL.—★ "Silver River," Western, starring Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan. Plus ★★ "The Man I Love," musical romance, starring Robert Alda, Ida Lupino. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★★ "Tonight We Sing," musical drama, starring Ezio Pinza, David Wayne, Anne Bancroft. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "I Shall Return," technicolor war drama, starring Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle. Plus ★ "The House on Telegraph Hill," murder mystery, starring Valentina Cortese, Richard Basehart. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Changing of the Guard," comedy, starring Nigel Patrick, Valerie Hobson, Peggy Cummins, George Cole. Plus "Terror in the Jungle," semi-documentary terrorist drama.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Anna," drama, starring Silvana Mangano, Vittorio Gassman. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "The Band Wagon," technicolor musical, starring Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "High Treason," spy drama, starring Liam Redmond, Mary Morris. Plus ★ "The Adventurers," drama, starring Jack Hawkins, Dennis Price.

LYRIC.—★★ "Mutiny on the Bounty," period drama, starring Clark Gable, Charles Laughton. Plus "Nothing But Trouble," comedy, starring Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—★ "Trouble Along the Way," comedy-drama, starring John Wayne, Donna Reed, Charles Coburn. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★ "The Desert Rats," war drama, starring Richard Burton, James Mason, Robert Newton. Plus ★ "The Kid from Left Field," baseball drama, starring Dan Dailey, Anne Bancroft.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Shane," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "Moulin Rogue," technicolor drama, starring Jose Ferrer, Colette Marchand. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "The Seven Deadly Sins," French-language omnibus film, starring Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philipe, Francoise Rosay.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Latin Lovers," technicolor romance, starring Lana Turner, Ricardo Montalban, John Lund. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Cinderella," Italian opera, starring Lori Randi, Gino del Signore. Plus Continental featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "East of Sumatra," technicolor adventure, starring Jeff Chandler, Marilyn Maxwell, Suzan Ball, Anthony Quinn. Plus ★ "Law and Order," technicolor Western, starring Ronald Reagan, Dorothy Malone.

***Films not yet reviewed***

PALACE.—"Shoot First," spy drama, starring Joel McCrea, Evelyn Keyes. Plus ★ "D.O.A.," mystery, starring Edmond O'Brien, Pamela Britton. (Re-release.)

STATE.—"From Here to Eternity," war drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

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# From Under my Hat

By HEDDA HOPPER

*GREER GARSON in costume for her role as Robert Donat's leading lady in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." James Hilton, author of the book, and his wife spent some time in Hollywood where he had a writing contract at Metro.*

I SAID I'd phone Frances Marion and ask her to give a dinner-party for James Hilton.

"I don't care to meet Miss Marion," Alex said bluntly, "I don't care to meet Hilton's wife. All that I'm interested in," roared the autocrat of the Algonquin, "is meeting James Hilton. If you can't arrange it, don't bother. I'll get someone else to do it."

Well, that being what Alex wanted, that's what he got. Then started a Hilton gab about Woollcott. The two-man fan club reached such proportions that if you hadn't known better you'd have thought they were both raised in the same nest.

The Hiltons took over Frances' home. They stayed on and on. Weeks ran into months. Wistfully, occasionally wrathfully, Fanny began wanting her bed back. "Hedda," she said, "do something!"

"You asked them," I said. "It's got nothing to do with me."

"Yes, but you'll know how to get them out. I don't." There was I, an exterminator for a British author.

"Okay, I'll try. But don't blame me if it backfires."

I was living in my own tiny house three blocks from Frances' big one, so I arranged that Jimmy should walk me home. As we trotted along my eye lit on a "For Rent" sign on a small English cottage. I stopped and examined it conspicuously. "I know this house," I said to Jimmy. "It would be charming for you and Alice. You'd be close enough to dine with Frances and come down and see me too. And we could continue our walks together."

Jimmy turned an astonished gaze on me. "Do you think we ought to leave Frances?" he asked, as though he couldn't believe his ears.

"It might be a nice thing to do. Give her a chance to sleep in her own bed for a change."

"You know," he said thoughtfully, "it's never occurred to Alice or me."

Within the week they were in a hotel apartment and Fanny had her bed back.

She and I took the Hiltons to a Russian Easter party at the Max Rabinovitch home. We'd been to many such parties there. If you've never been one, and you get the chance, don't miss it. Any Russian will tell you that all Russians are crazy; but you'll never see such dancing, eating, drinking, or hear such music and singing.

Nina Koshetz was at the piano, singing as only she can. Everybody joined in. The tables sagged with the most exotic foods, replenished every hour on the hour. The Russians, even when they sing loudest, never stop eating.

Our hostess, a beautiful redhead, was charming to everyone, including the Hiltons.

Jimmy whispered to me, "At last my dreams are fulfilled. I always wanted to meet a redheaded Russian."

At dawn, when Frances and I were ready to leave, he stayed. After that he kept going back. The Russian redhead divorced her music-maestro husband, Max, and Alice divorced Jimmy. Then Jimmy married his dream girl.

It was all ludicrously friendly. Jimmy bought a home, moved in both Galena and his former wife, Alice, who had been his secretary. For a long time they lived happily under the same roof. Alice made the beds and kept the house clean while Galena cooked. Now Jimmy and his redhead are divorced; have been for a long time. Once I asked what broke up their marriage.

"Jimmy's appetite," she said frankly. "I could no longer bear watching him eat three enormous meals a day. If you must know, I couldn't stand having to cook them either!"

Jimmy made his fortune in movies; he's making another fortune in radio. He's a fine writer. But if Alex Woollcott hadn't taken a shine to him and shouted his praises from the housetops, if Frances Marion hadn't got him a job writing at M.G.M. and invited him to be a long-term house guest, Jimmy might easily still be in England teaching at a boys' school for fifteen hundred dollars a year.

There are so many "ifs" in Hollywood, and now and then a wonderful "when."

After returning from England, where I'd met some of their finest citizens and watched their courage as they carried on in the face of handicaps, my mental attitude changed. Sure, I had to get out and begin the weary task of hunting a job. But, having mingled with the best, I took on some of their shine and held my head higher.

I've found that your mental attitude—good or bad—adds to or subtracts from your bank account. If you act confident, certain people come to believe you're superior. It helps—especially in show business.

My mental barometer indicated a change for me, just as Wolfie's pet corn used to warn him of coming storms and dampness.

My first stop was at the office of agent Dema Harshbarger. She had been talking me up during my absence, and—glory be!—had Maro-Oil Shampoo interested in backing a fifteen-minute gossip programme. If she could sell Mr. Maro on me, we would be in.

We were warned that the sponsor had to be treated with rare delicacy. He was deaf, and sensitive about it, so it was up to us to raise our voices, but not let him know we knew he was hard of hearing.

I made sure of one thing. If he couldn't hear me, he was going to see me. I was ready for him in a bright red coach-man's coat of suede and a jaunty black sports hat decorated with birds-of-paradise feathers. I knew the combination was outrageous, but I was determined to make an impression.

The stage was set; the great man came. The job we did in that hour could be used as a model of salesmanship for any business. The poor man scarcely finished a sentence. When Dema's voice grew tired, I took over. We bellowed like a couple of wounded buffaloes. As our voices grew louder his became softer.

No one could have resisted us. Dema and I had to win, and no man, not even a deaf one, was going to defeat us.

We wore him down. Rather timidly he said "yes" to our demands and promised to send over a contract. When he left, we fell back in our chairs—hoarse but happy.

Not until the same man arrived with the contract did we discover that he was the advertising agency representative whose hearing was perfect—and not the sponsor at all!

I'd been too long away from Wolfie's constant reminders about my speech. There is a happy medium between Altoona and Boston, but I got nowhere near it on the air. My phony British accent was about as appealing as a hog caller at a tea-party.

I was terrible! After three months not even Dema could yell loud enough to get the contract renewed.

She decided that the cure for my affectation was a show called "Brenthouse," in which I played a hard-working lawyer with two children to support. During a year in "Brenthouse" I sandpapered some of the sophistication out of my voice.

But it was Ken Carpenter who finished the job. We sold prunes on a gossip show twice a week, and I defy anybody to be phony around Ken. I'm certain some of his naturalness rubbed off on Bing Crosby, whose show he announced for years.

Ken was very kind about my speech and tried to cheer me up by recounting how dreadful Frank Morgan was on his first air show. "Why, he was so bad," Ken added, "that his first two contracts were cancelled. But he hit the top."

In show business it's always feast or famine. If you have a job, another bobs up. The logic being that if you're working you're good; if you're idle, you must be bad.

I couldn't beat the system. I'd wait months between jobs, then get two or three offers at once. Not pushing my luck by waiting to see if a better one might follow, I always took the first one. You can't lose that way, but it sure wilts your bargaining power.

I no sooner secured my radio job when I was given a part in "Artists and Models" with Jack Benny and Ida Lupino. During this hitch I got to know and like Ida real well. She'd been brought over from England to star in "Alice In Wonderland," but, with blind foresight, we gave the part to an unknown who's still unknown, and Ida was given tough, hard dames to play. While she enjoyed a good contract at Paramount which paid her 1750 dollars a week, her parts kept getting slimmer and worse. I thought she was wasting her talent.

*To be continued*

*SYNOPSIS: In the chaos which follows the introduction of sound pictures, silent stars disappear. New faces and voices such as Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy, Greta Garbo, and Bette Davis step into the limelight.*

*Among those to find themselves out of work is Hedda Hopper. She returns briefly to Broadway in the play "Divided By Three" and is impressed by James Stewart, a young man in the cast. He is later summoned to Hollywood.*

*With so few jobs available, Hedda Hopper welcomes a tour of England with writer Frances Marion. Later, Frances Marion invites English author James Hilton and his wife to visit her in Hollywood. Wishing to meet Hilton, actor-writer Alexander Woollcott asks Hedda to arrange a meeting. NOW READ ON:*


BOND'S sweet young underlovelies

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Such beautiful quality, younger sisters can wear them later on

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Sweet Young Underlovelies

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SILKYMIT gently whisks away unwanted hair in minutes from legs and arms. SILKYMIT, the easiest and most efficient aid to glamour, leaves your limbs soft, smooth and absolutely free from shadow. SILKYMIT massage action discourages the growth of new hair, makes its removal easier and easier on each occasion!

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# Gayer than Springtime!

The curtain goes up on Spring—and Pacific SUPER-TEX steps into the limelight with a range of morning robes that will take your breath away! Colours to match the early daffodils and hyacinth! Styles as gay and light-hearted as a spring morning! So warm . . . and so sensible, too, because they're the loveliest chenille you can buy and they wash so wonderfully . . . wear so well. Don't miss seeing them whatever you do!

PACIFIC **Super-Tex** OF AUSTRALIA

1 **Model 4058.** *All your favourite pastel and solid colours in sensational new SWIRL WAVE chenille.*

2 **Model 4043.** *Another SWIRL WAVE robe in spring's loveliest colours. Sizes 12-20.*

3 **Model 5099.** *Pretty Candlewick chenille makes this gown snug and warm yet light in weight.*

4 **Model 3057.** *Cut with a figure-prettying line, this chenille-robe comes in 14 colours.*

5 **Model 5067.** *This easy-to-launder robe will KEEP its loveliness year after year.*

6 **Model 4056.** *You'll fall in love with this softly beautiful robe in exclusive SWIRL WAVE chenille.*

7 **Model 8050.** *Figure flattery . . . colour magic . . . that only Pacific SUPER-TEX can give you.*

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!**

*And don't forget SUPER-TEX make super towels, too! Thick . . . thirsty . . . and such wonderful value! Ask for them by name wherever good towels are sold!*

052

PACIFIC CHENILLE-CRAFT LIMITED, HOLLYWOOD, SYDNEY, GOULBURN, NEWCASTLE AND YASS



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# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

**● The one-piece dress illustrated below is chosen in response to numbers of letters requesting a simple and flattering design for the not-so-slim.**

HERE is a typical letter:

"Though I am only 32 years of age, I have a 40in. bust measurement and find it difficult to buy a paper pattern for a simple yet smart frock which does not make me look about 60."

The dress illustrated at right has a perfect silhouette for the not-so-slim. Personally, I consider it a becoming and smart design for anyone in the after-30 age group.

The soft bodice-top, with its modified kimono-type sleeves, is a real flatterer, so is the easy fullness in the skirt.

A paper pattern for the dress is obtainable in *sizes* 38in. to 44in. bust. The caption under the sketch gives details of how to order.

*D.S.58. — One-piece dress for the larger figure is obtainable in sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.*

**"DO you think a girl of just 15 should wear a floor-length or street-length frock to an evening party? I would also like advice about material and style. The frock is for my daughter, who is still at school."**

For the sub-teenager a party frock should be ballerina-length made in a cotton sheer or nylon net. The sophisticated teenage girl could wear a dress with a strapless bodice. However, there are numbers of 15-year-olds who are still very young for their years. If your daughter is in the latter category, I suggest a bodice with simple, above-elbow puffed-up sleeves. However, whichever bodice-top you decide to have, the skirt should be made with plenty of width and the waistline well defined.

**"I WILL shortly be going on a cruise, and as I have several frocks to be made before I leave I am seeking your advice. Last year I also took a cruise holiday, and, advised by a friend, I bought several bare-top cottons which I found uncomfortably cool on deck. What would you recommend me to buy?"**

Cotton and wool combined is an incoming fashion for cool summer days, and one which is excellent for a cruise wardrobe. For instance, you could have a striped blue-and-white cotton one-piece made with a four-gore skirt, plus a sleeveless bodice-top finished with a low, oval neckline tied on the shoulders. The dress could have an accompanying white or blue wool cardigan lined with the dress fabric. Have the cardigan made so it could be worn in reverse.

**"WOULD you suggest a material and color for an all-purpose summer coat? I wear lots of navy with white touches, and white is my favorite color at night."**

A cotton duster is the answer to your problem—a firm cotton, so the coat can be unlined. An excellent color choice for the coat would be yellow or white. Either color looks well with navy and white; white with white looks chic, so does yellow with white. Choose a classic cut for the design and have it wide enough to "go over" an evening dress or middy top. Make large pockets and interesting buttons the only trim.

**"I AM seeking your advice about a suitable outfit to wear playing deck games. I am in my mid-thirties and I am not slim enough to wear slacks."**

Culottes (a divided skirt) are perfect for a womanly, well-developed figure. They are coming back into current fashion, and for the not-so-slim they combine the comfort of slacks with a skirt-like look. By the way, wool jersey or linen would be an excellent material choice for the culottes.

**"WOULD black and white be a suitable combination for a ballerina frock? If you think it would, please give me a suggestion for the material, etc. My age is 22."**

Certainly decide on black and white for your ballerina dress. In summer fashions it is very chic in material contrast as much as in the sharp contrast in color. For the material choice, I like the idea of black lace and white organdie. Have the bodice moulded and strapless, with overlays of the lace outlining the bodice edge. Have the skirt made in three tiers, with each tier outlined in lace to match the bodice trim. Have the dress made over a white organdie slip and a slim, waist-length white taffeta petticoat.

**"MINE is the problem of most working girls — a suitable dress for the office that can also be worn on from work to a movie or dinner and not look an office outfit."**

Still the best dress that goes to work and on to a party is the dress and matching jacket—preferably in a dark color. Example: A sheath dress in a dark background print and a matching fitted waist-length jacket, plus a black patent belt. In the office the jacket (it is short-sleeved) turns the outfit into a neat one-piece. The belt disguises the fact that it is in two pieces. Come 5.30, and the jacket is removed to reveal a sleeveless sheath dress with an oval-cut neckline. Extra "dress up" can be added by pearls, costume jewellery, or fresh flowers.

**"WOULD you advise me as to the best sort of corset for a woman in her forties? I am not really fat, but find if I wear a dress with a fitted bodice I show a bulge above the waist and the actual waistline doesn't look smooth."**

The most satisfactory and flattering foundation garment for a woman in the 40 to 50 age group is a corselette. The modern corselette is designed to give the figure a long, smooth line; it is also styled with emphasis on the waist and with diaphragm control. The alternative is a long "bra" and modified "high-top" girdle. These garments worn together will give the figure a smooth body-line and neat waist.

**"MY husband and I do quite a bit of business entertaining at dinners, card parties, etc., and my problem is a frock suitable for such occasions. The men just wear dark business suits. Black does not suit me, but I want the frock in a dark shade. I have pretty brown hair, quite a good skin and color, my age is 31 years, and I am slim."**

My material and color suggestion is chestnut-brown taffeta. For the design I like the idea of a bodice-top finished with a wide V back and front, fitted midriff section, plus a skirt made of all-round unpressed pleats.

Have the waist-line of the dress finished with a narrow gold kid belt and wear matching kid sandals. By the way, a waist petticoat in dress canvas or stiffened net will keep the skirt buoyed out and crisp.


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Naturally Pretty Curls

BE BEAUTY-WISE AND NEUTRALISE

It's the step that takes only a few short minutes—but what a difference it makes.

INSIST on

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WITH NEUTRALISER BOOSTER

Always neutralise your Home Permanent. Leaving this all-important safety-step to chance or the imperfect oxidising action of thin air is like driving a car without brakes.

That's why the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives you the most effective neutraliser known to chemistry today to **stop** the action of the waving lotion at the right time and to restore your hair to its natural healthy springiness.

And that's why Richard Hudnut Home Permanent also has the exclusive extra ingredient, Neutraliser Booster, to speed the action of the neutraliser and lock in your lovely soft wave. Because of Neutraliser Booster, **Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives you a far better wave in half the time** taken for "no-neutraliser" waves. It's time-tested, safe, success-sure.

*At all chemists and selected department stores,* **12/-**

**Richard Hudnut Egg Creme SHAMPOO for naturally soft, shiny hair!**

It's soapless . . . but its real secret is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable, brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become. 4-oz. bottle **4/11**, 8-oz. bottle **8/9.**

**Richard Hudnut CREME RINSE for use after any home perm, any shampoo!**

If your hair is end-splitting dry or lacking lustre, try this amazingly effective reconditioner . . . a boon to sun or wind damaged hair. Wonderful for keeping hair free of tangles . . . hair gleams with polished loveliness . . . strengthens your perm or natural wave. 4-oz bottle **4/11**, 8-oz. bottle **8/9.**

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LIFE SAVERS
THE QUALITY CANDY WITH THE HOLE!
STILL ONLY 4D.
A FLAVOUR TO PLEASE EVERY TASTE
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## Continuing . . . . The Mouse

from page 3

self-possession of a cat strolling into unfamiliar quarters.

"This time I looked to see what your name is. Mine's Virginia Minot."

"I have no doubt," David affirmed gallantly, "that I shall eventually see it in bright lights on Broadway."

Virginia wrinkled her pretty brow. "How did you know I am an actress?"

"The playscript scattered all over your kitchen," said David. "Besides, you do make wonderful entrances."

"Do I really?" Virginia asked, pleased. "We are taught to project. Well, what I came to ask you—how long does it take to catch a mouse? Could it take all night?"

David nodded. "I suppose so." It was obvious she considered him an authority.

Virginia sighed. "Then I'll just have to go to a hotel. I can't sit around waiting for that mouse to come out and get caught. I have a rehearsal tomorrow."

"Why not stay right here?" David suggested.

Virginia looked at him coldly. "I'm pretty good at exits, too," she said.

David turned pink. "I didn't mean anything like that. I just thought—if you'd care to stay here, I could go over to your place."

Virginia's forehead cleared, and she projected relief and gratitude. "I'm glad that's what you meant," she said. "I thought you were nice. I'll accept your offer."

With his typewriter settled on Virginia's dainty table, David wasted no time in getting back to his story. He had introduced the menace—a maniac killer known as The Mouse. Now he placed two reliable witnesses at the available exits and had them swear that nobody had left by either on the night the girl had been visited.

*. . . Hush Shane felt the familiar cold prickle touch his shoulder blades. It seemed The Mouse had not left the building, easy though that would have been. Perhaps he didn't need to leave. And why? Because he lived there?*

*That was plenty crazy, Shane decided. A killer like The Mouse operates with some safety because he picks victims who have no connection with him. It was inconceivable—his operating where he lived—unless . . .*

*Well, take a homicidal maniac making like a model tenant in a high-class apartment house. A girl like—like Her—gets under his skin. He has to do something about her. Would he be able to resist the urge? After all, he's not sane.*

*"Could be," Hush whispered thoughtfully. "I'd better see who in the building has been showing an unusual interest in my client . . ."*

Apparently, a lot of people were doing just that. Hush, who knew the informative value of a lift man, interviewed Johnny, who had helped scare The Mouse away.

It seemed a middle-aged doctor had been pursuing the girl in spite of the fact he was already married. And there was a neurotic young writer whose inexplicable hostility might be hiding some other emotion. There was . . .

David paused and looked out the window blankly. There was another lighted window on the same level. The curtains were familiar. Why, it was his own bedroom! Virginia was there now.

The thought gave him extreme pleasure, and only after several moments did he return to his sleuth, who was by now in the girl's flat questioning the lift boy.

*. . . Johnny's mobile face convulsed with silent laughter. "Your client gets them, all right—and all ages," he said. "Old man Cartwright in 11-F—that's his window there—watches her with a pair of field glasses. Sure, she's complained to the police—but he still has the field glasses."*

*Shane jotted down the name.*

***"And this is the room George Washington slept in—remodelled, of course."***

*"About last night—did you get here in time to see the prowler leave?"*

*"Yeah." Johnny's pale eyes lighted. "I saw him. He was going down the fire escape. Lucky I had my pass key along—and that it happened when it did. I was going off duty in five minutes."*

*Shane wasn't listening. He was staring at a nail that stuck from the window frame. A tiny scrap of blue material was caught on it. The scrap had a nice new look. With luck it might be partayed into a shirt, torn while its possessor made a hasty exit from a lady's bedroom . . .*

David read the last paragraph aloud and found he was becoming hoarse again. He knew just the thing for it and in the refrigerator he found the makings.

The next step was to call his own number, which he did with a pleasurable flutter of anticipation.

Virginia's doubtful "Hello?" made his heart beat faster. He identified himself and decided that her laughter sounded like the purr of a celestial kitten.

"Did you catch that mouse yet?" she demanded.

"No," David said, "but my best operatives are on the job. May I borrow two of your eggs and a cup of sugar?"

"Take all you want. Are you going to bake a cake?"

"Of course not. I'm going to make a gogol-mogol. Eggnog, to you." He gave her his private recipe. "It's wonderful. It's even better with brandy."

"You'll find the brandy in the left-hand corner of the pantry," Virginia said.

"Thank you very much. And good night."

"'Night."

She had a particularly beguiling way of saying "'Night" on the telephone. David thought as he stirred his concoction.

Only when the egg-yolks began to turn light did he tear his mind away and begin to plot his sleuth's interview with old man Cartwright.

*. . . Cartwright was a repulsive type, Shane thought. A turkey buzzard, with a high bald forehead and malevolent, red-rimmed eyes. "Young man," he said raspingly, "I have been vilified and had my name made a hissing in this apartment house—all because of a little harmless curiosity on my part. Don't come for information to me."*

*Shane leaned forward eagerly. "Then you did see something? What was it? Someone going down the fire escape? Did you see where he went?"*

*Mean little triumph flickered in the old man's eyes. "I saw nothing," he said . . .*

David carried his gogol-mogol into the living-room, a nasty sneer curling his lip, and was considerably startled to see Virginia leaning gracefully over the table, reading his work. Hearing him, she turned and smiled.

"I forgot my hairbrush," she explained. She pointed to his drink. "Is this the—what you said?"

"Gogol-mogol. Want a taste?"

Virginia took the glass and sipped. "Mm-m-m." She took another sip. "I've such a sweet tooth. All my friends sneer at me because I like Alexanders."

"Incredible," said David, filled with sympathy for this poor girl, the butt of callous abuse from her so-called friends. "So do I."

"It's all right for you. You're skinny."

"So are you. Or rather, slim. Isn't that the word when it doesn't interfere with the curves?"

She indicated the typewriter. "I see you write."

"I'm an author of sorts," David conceded. "Before you showed up, I was an author out of sorts."

Virginia giggled appreciatively. It may have been the brandy in the gogol-mogol or just plain kindness.

"I may as well confess," she said, "that I stole a look at your story. What happens next?"

"Well," David said, "the girl gets a suspicious telephone

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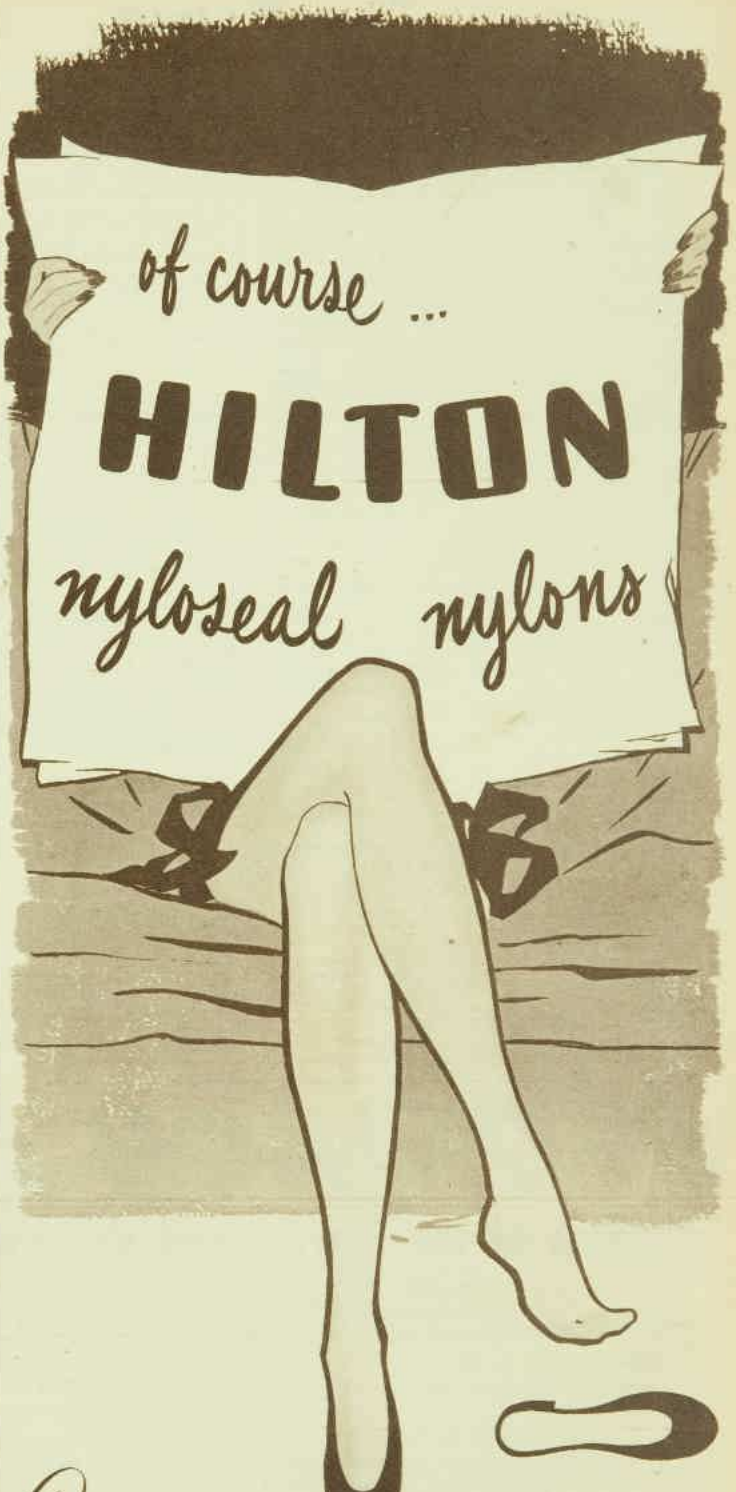
## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

MRS. SMITH IS A GRAND WOMAN
SHE DOES ALL SHE CAN FOR PEOPLE, AND NEVER PUTS ANYBODY OUT!
OH YES
I SAW HER HUSBAND SITTING ON HIS DOORSTEP LAST NIGHT!
RUD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*What's "Nyloseal"? It is added beauty and added strength—an exclusive process designed to make nylons last longer and to make your legs look their loveliest.*

*New colours—perfect for you—for Spring, are now available. Ask to see them in these* **HILTON** *styles.*

WALTZ DREAM (30 Denier) . . 12/11 ELATION (15 Denier) . . 14/11
SKYLINE (15 Denier) . . 15/11 PETIT POINT (15 Denier) . . 16/11

MORE WOMEN WEAR **HILTON**




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## Continuing . . . . The Mouse

from page 41

call asking her to come for an audition. She's a night-club singer. The club is out of town, and the audition is for 10 that evening. Hush Shane checks up and finds it's an old club that has been shut down for years."

"A trap!" Virginia breathed.

"Precisely. Nevertheless, he lets the girl keep the appointment, taking care the suspects hear of this. Hush will go along and keep an eye on her; he's a crackajack at shadowing."

"That's all right," Virginia said, "except isn't it a little ordinary?"

"I have a really artful twist in my mind," David said. "I just haven't worked it out yet."

Virginia set down the glass with a little thump. "I'm a pig! I keep you from working and I guzzle your gogol-mogol. You get right back to the typewriter and I'll make you a new glass. I remember exactly how you said to do it."

There was nothing like having a woman take an intelligent interest in your work, David decided, beating away at his typewriter. Whenever he paused, he could hear Virginia moving about in the kitchen, preparing gogol-mogol for him. He felt positively lightheaded with pleasure.

*. . . The more Hush Shane thought about the night-club deal, the worse it smelled. This was crude, and The Mouse was never crude. "Listen, beautiful," Shane said. "Tell me everything you do every day. Leave nothing out."*

*"Well," she said, "in the morning I get up and brush my teeth." Her laughter, Shane thought, was like the purr of a celestial kitten. She went on her singing lessons, her bath, the time she took her tonic prescribed by the infatuated Dr. Black.*

*"The one who has a yen for you," Hush whispered.*

*Her blush was like the loveliest sunset in California. "Johnny told you about Dr. Black, I guess."*

*"Yes, and about the literary Mr. Brown and the snoopy Mr. Cartwright. Quite a gallery, beautiful."*

*"Well, it's not my fault."*

*"Of course not, beautiful," Hush said softly. "To know you is to love you . . ."*

Virginia came from the kitchen with two glasses of gogol-mogol and placed one on the desk. She sat on the couch near the table and began to read what he had written.

David went on typing.

*. . . The tonic was in the refrigerator—a fluffy white mixture with the taste and consistency of eggnog. Another flavor—faint but recognisable—impressed itself on Shane's expert palate. "Aha!" Shane said. " . . . "*

David made a note to ask his doctor the name of a drug whose presence Shane could detect in the tonic. Then he went on . . . "So that was what The Mouse planned." Shane thought. The ambush in the deserted night-club was a phony to draw the detective away. The girl would drink the tonic and stay right in the apartment, drugged, helpless. The trap would be sprung right there. Of course, a trap like that could be reversed . . .

Shane drew a deep breath. She was safe—now that he knew. It worried him how much he cared. Not that he didn't always prefer to keep his clients healthy. But this was different. This client was a far different and superior kind of client, a lovely, desirable thing . . .

Face it, Shane! You're falling for the client . . .

David swung round in his chair. He said, "Virginia, you know what? You're the nicest girl I've ever met. Also the prettiest."

"Oh, do you think so?" Virginia asked, startled but pleased. "I'm all right full face, but my profile is a little abrupt."

"It is not," David told her. "It's wonderfully insidious."

"Why, David!" Virginia exclaimed, bringing her profile closer. "That's the nicest thing anyone ever told me about my profile."

Just then the doorbell rang. Virginia frowned and murmured:

"At this hour!" She went to the door and let in a tall, dark young man, handsome in a professional way. He wore no hat and the bluish shadow on his chin seemed the reflection of the midnight-blue of the turtle-neck sweater he wore beneath his Norfolk jacket.

"Saw a light in your window," he said in a pleasantly sonorous baritone. "Thought I'd drop in and see how you are doing with those lines. In the first act you ought to—" He broke off as he spotted David.

"Oh," said Virginia. "This is David Poole, Hugh. David, Hugh Morrison. He's in the play with me."

"How do you do?" David said feebly, aware of the young man's eyes travelling expressively from his dressing-gown to his slippers.

"David and I are exchanging apartments for the night," said Virginia. "Mine has a mouse in it."

"Oh," said Mr. Morrison. He stopped projecting suspicion and turned on affability.

"Decent of you, Poole. Virginia is such a baby about mice. Completely unreasonable. Here — what's this?" He pointed to the two glasses of gogol-mogol.

In a voice freighted with guilt, Virginia said, "It is rather rich, isn't it?"

"Rich!" declared the young man ominously. "It's simply loaded with calories. How would you like it if Miss Parish couldn't make the dress rehearsal tomorrow and you couldn't get into her costumes?"

Virginia delicately licked a drop of the offending drink from a corner of her mouth. "I suppose you're right."

"And I think I'd better go over those lines with you," her mentor said firmly. "Where's your script?"

"In David's apartment," said Virginia.

"All right, then," said Hugh Morrison. "Say good night to the kind gentleman and come along. Good night, Poole."

And that was that. David thought glumly, feeling an unreasonable anger with Virginia. He went back to his typewriter and introduced another character, substituting him as romantic interest for the neurotic young writer, whom he had been considering as a possibility.

The new entry was darkly handsome, with plenty of white teeth and a magnetic smile. Hush Shane didn't like him.

*". . . Look, fellow—" Shane said, his queer voice softer than usual, "your girl is in danger. I'm not taking up her time to dance with her or make love to her. I'm protecting her from a very real danger."*

*The other man laughed shortly. "She had a close call, sure. But who'd be crazy enough to try it again?"*

*"The Mouse. He is crazy, you know," Shane said mildly. "There's no one to vain as a whacked-up killer. He left his signature—he has to come back and finish the job."*

*"If she needs a bodyguard," said the young man, "what's wrong with my looking out for her?"*

*"Two things, kid. One—you're not a professional." Shane's green eyes met the other's steadily. "Two—till I've got The Mouse, I trust no one."*

*"You mean . . . why, you cheap gumshoe!"*

*Shane let the wild punch whistle by and then he had his opponent pinned down, his arm twisted in a deadly judo grip. "See what I mean? Not a professional." His face grew bleak. "Stay out of her life—till it's safe . . ."*

"That's telling him," David said with satisfaction. This was Hush Shane, the toughest and meanest in his profession when he wanted to be.

*". . . Okay, you old buzzard, you asked for it." Hush Shane gathered Cartwright's shirt front in his fingers and jerked him out of his chair.*

*The old man shrank before the implacable face. "Let me go," he gasped. "I'll tell you what I saw . . ."*

*. . . Hush Shane pinned the doctor with a cold and deadly eye. "How about this tonic you prescribed for my client? Taste it! . . . Well?"*

*The doctor paled. "I—I didn't—"*

*"Okay," Shane rasped. "Talk! . . ."*

*. . . Mr. Brown's haunted eyes shifted from Shane's cold face. "I hate this city. I've been here only three months and I'm ready to leave."*

*Shane confronted him with a pair of pyjamas with a tear*

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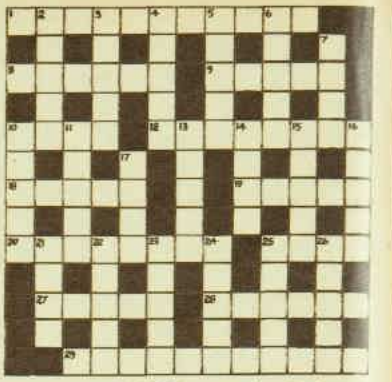
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

1. European chief on the South American coast (7, 4).
8. Safeguarded but could be afraid if disturbed (6).
9. Set of persons of one profession with a thin bone inside (5).
10. Hankering witch a Cockney would take it an order to jerk (4).
12. Can a comic art induce sleep? Yes, if it changes shape (8).
16. More than one were often used by Shakespeare in connection with excursions (5).
19. Restore a disarranged head-dress (5).
20. Suddenly appearing a thousand in ease are before a short gentleman (8).
25. The grand one was "de rigueur" for our great-grandfathers to acquire a complete education (4).
27. One of the legendary British giants (5).
28. New in a negative way (6).
29. Old gun gives a kiss after a careless mistake (11).

**Solution will be published next week.**

Solution to last week's crossword.

### DOWN

2. Fixtures for a member of the vegetable kingdom (5).
3. One of the poles in a minor theatre? (5).
4. This was surely not Napoleon's favored vehicle (5).
5. A mover (5).
6. First name of a famous architect who said it when entering somewhere? (5).
7. Fairy through yours truly (4).
10. Silly in a French negation (5).
11. Emboss in pursuit (5).
13. As fruit it is not for men but as a grain very much so (5).
14. Vehicle even when it loses its end (4).
15. Rapidity of movement (5).
16. The four of cards can purvey food (5).
17. Of commonplace respectability in turned trees (4).
21. Act without words and I'm in it (4).
22. Kingly for a backwards drink (5).
23. Urge Humpty-Dumpty farther forward (5).
24. Temporary end of war (5).
25. Part of the body suitable for plum-gathering (5).
26. You turned about in a steamer for employers (5).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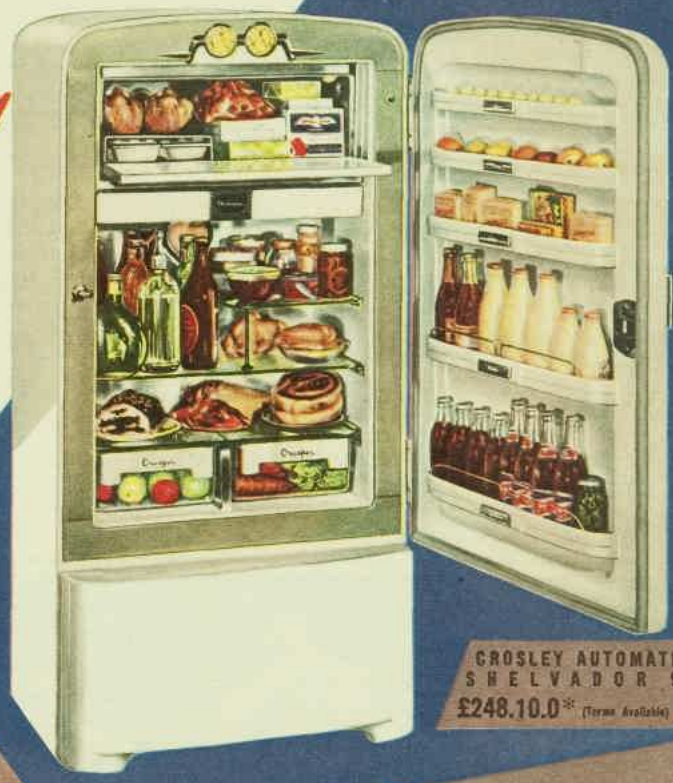

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## Continuing . . . . The Mouse

from page 42

*down the back, just where a man might catch it on a nail and never know. "How about explaining this?"*

*Brown fell heavily into a chair.*

*"What's the use," he said dully, "you wouldn't believe me."*

*"Try me," said Hush Shane in his soft flat voice.*

David sighed. His illogical anger had dissipated as he described his hero's tussles with all suspects. David was now full of gentle melancholy.

Listelessly he conducted the detective out of the house by the front lift and brought him back, unobserved, by the back way. Hush Shane gained the heroine's bedroom.

*. . . She was passing the comb through her short blond locks with a heavy, languid motion.*

*"Shane!" Even near alarm couldn't take the heaviness from her eyelids. The drug in the tonic was taking effect. If she had to be bait—and there was no other way—it was better she be unconscious.*

*"It's okay, beautiful. A little change of plan. I'll take you to the audition."*

*"Oh, thank you." She yawned, as unashamedly pink-mouthed as a kitten.*

*"Why don't you lie down for a while?" Shane suggested.*

*She relaxed on the bed gracefully. "I haven't slept much since that terrible night," she murmured.*

*"It wasn't so terrible as it seemed," Shane told her. "You were safe then—safer than you are now. The intruder was just a poor sleep-walker in the wrong place, but meaning no harm once he woke up."*

*"But—the dead mouse?"*

*"That's another story. That's why you aren't safe yet. But don't think about it." He glanced down at her, and a tight grin twitched his lips. She was fast asleep.*

The telephone rang sharply, and David picked it up before he remembered it wasn't a good idea to answer the telephone in a young lady's apartment.

"Hello?" Virginia's voice had the abashed sweetness of a child who has been sent to bed. "I just wanted to know whether that gogol-mogol was all right."

"Oh, just peachy," said David. "Thanks."

"I'm sorry I let myself be talked out of finishing mine. I can't see that one little eggnog would add so much poundage I couldn't get into Miss Parish's clothes in the unlikely case she misses the rehearsal tomorrow."

"Ridiculous," David agreed. "I don't think I like masterful men," Virginia reflected. "They always give the wrong impression, acting as if they own one when they really don't."

"They really don't?" David asked, delighted.

"Of course not. They just take things for granted. I like people to prove themselves before making claims on one. Take you. A comparative stranger—and look at all the nice things you did for me. No wisecracks about being afraid of mice or liking sweets. You take me just as I am."

"Believe me," David said fervently, "it's no trouble at all."

"You're a dear," Virginia said. "But I'm keeping you from your work. You can tell me about the story tomorrow. Good night."

David hung up, a great contentment engulfing him. Life and literature had acquired purpose.

He would finish the story, sell it to "Crimeways," and send Virginia a beautiful pink Persian kitten smothered in orchids. Happily he went back to Hush Shane.

*. . . The telephone rang, and Shane let it ring without answering it. "Checking up," he thought grimly. He glanced at the girl. The eyelashes resting lightly on her pretty cheek looked much longer than was necessary or credible. But they were real, all right. Shane came near enough to make sure she was asleep. He bent over and kissed her.*

*"So now," he said, straightening, "all we gotta do, beautiful, is wait."*

*The sound he expected came precisely when he figured it would. The luminous dial of his watch showed 11 o'clock when he heard the furtive whine of the lift stopping at this floor. All depended on the next few minutes. Luscious as the bait was, it was a seasoned and wary Mouse.*

*The key spoke softly in the lock, and the door opened. Footsteps shuffled across the living-room and paused at the bedroom door. A brief flare from a flashlight slid over the sleeping girl, and all was dark again. There was a small, breathless chuckle, and the prowler moved forward.*

*Hush Shane rose. With eyes accustomed to the dark, he waited for the mouse to get really close to the cheese, and then he, too, pounced . . .*

David wiped his brow and exclaimed "Zowie!" He pounded tensely through the next few paragraphs of breathless battle while Hush Shane subdued the intruder.

*. . . Hush grimly felt a warm stream trickle down his face as the razor sliced thinly across his cheek. He captured a skinny wrist and twisted viciously upward. He heard the soft, horrid sound of tearing muscle . . .*

"Ugh!" David said, revolted. He went to the kitchen for a drink of water, and there, blinking shyly in a corner of the trap, was the mouse.

"Well, what do you know?" David said, amused. "Imagine meeting you here!"

The window of his own bedroom was still lighted. Even as he debated the propriety of disturbing Virginia at this hour, his legs carried him across the hall.

She opened the door to his ring, and David swallowed. She was even prettier than he'd remembered and she seemed to consider it thoughtful of him to come.

"And what about your detective?" she asked. "Did he catch his mouse yet?"

"He's subduing him."

"Well, tell him I have full confidence in him. And don't work too hard. You need your sleep, you know."

It was this sweet solicitude that undid him. She was suddenly in his arms, and he was kissing her.

After a while she freed herself gently. "I hear the lift coming," she said. "Good night, David. Really good night."

David returned to Virginia's apartment floating two inches above the floor. And, having alighted at his desk, he polished off the intruder with a brilliance and despatch that far outstripped any of Hush Shane's former performances.

*". . . You dirty little rodent," said Shane coldly, looking down at his prostrate opponent. "I knew it must be you as soon as I found out Brown had been here only three months. The Mouse had been operating here for two years. I was right in thinking The Mouse wouldn't kill in his own house. You were prepared for a killing that night but not here. You even had the dead mouse along for the next victim. Pretty careless of you to drop it by that window. And pretty ironic it happened when you were helping scare off Brown, who was walking in his sleep. Because that marked her as the next victim. You were too vain to let people think The Mouse had missed. All I had to do was bait the trap—and sure enough, you came back."*

*He grinned dourly at Johnny the lift boy's changed face glared up at him from the floor with maniacal malignance . . .*

David ripped the last page from his typewriter. Just one more task to do.

Mousetrap in hand, he peered cautiously through the deserted hallway. Then he opened the trap and spilled the occupant out.

"You're one mouse I couldn't see going down the drain," he told it feelingly. "Thanks, pal. Go and make someone else happy."

The mouse, recovering from its astonishment, galloped briskly down the hallway and disappeared.

And David went to bed.

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## Continuing . . . . The Gauntlet of Flames

from page 10

and their clothes smelled of singeing.

"We must get to the main road!" the girl said, lowering the handkerchief. "You can't go west!"

She put her hand on his arm with the same protective guidance she had shown towards the dog. Andrew put his own hand on her shoulder.

"I know this country. We haven't time to get to the road. Used to be an old well in the ironstone over there. At least the fire won't be so fierce there. You follow me!"

She regarded him uncertainly.

Andrew said steadily, "It's a poor chance, but it's our only chance. Follow me!"

The boy's clear young voice said, "I think he's right, mother." He looked at Andrew. "You're sure?"

"Curse it! I'm the man who found the well! It won't matter if I'm sure or not if we stand here! Come on!"

The girl stammered. "The grass looks terribly high! The well may have gone dry!"

"The hills are our only chance! Do you want to roast, girl?"

The boy said, "The fire is very close to the road ahead, mother! He is right!" He put his arm about her again. "We'll get you through!" He looked at Andrew. "Won't we?"

They plunged into the entangling grass. "It's not far," Andrew said. Behind them the fire was a leaping sea of light.

The boy said, "Bluey can't manage." Between them, the girl and the boy picked up the dog. Andrew fought down a path through the Gulf-grass.

Nothing was familiar in the wild radiance. Then the country changed. The grass became lower and the ragged, resinous clumps of spinifex stabbed at their staggering legs.

As sand gave way to ironstone, he believed that he was right. The bulbous forms of bottle trees further encouraged him. But he was looking for the red bluff. . . . There, thank God, it was! The old well should be in the bushes just near! He pushed ahead, unable to be certain, for the vegetation had changed with the years. Then he almost stepped into the handchipped, rock-lipped hole.

His torch showed muddy margins and rank water seven feet below. It was a repulsive shelter, but nonetheless a shelter. He shouted for the girl and the boy. Behind them the fire was already roaring across the grass track and bursting in vast explosions of flame across the flats.

Even in the well it grew suffocatingly hot. They drank the water in Andrew's quart pot and wetted strips of clothing in the tainted water of the well and held them to their faces.

Broken banners of flame flapped above them, and wildly rolling copper and orange smoke stung down. Then the fire was past them. A great, steady heat rose from the ruined land.

After half an hour Andrew tried the heated surface rocks with his hand and said, "We can come out!"

The boy shinned up first, and reached down for his mother. When she was up, Andrew handed the old dog to her, and then the boy and girl pulled him out. Everywhere to west and north and east, little fires were burning rosily and ghost wraiths of smoke eddied upward.

To the south the fire swept on, a devouring surf of flame. The heat was almost unendurable, but it was diminishing as the night air sucked over the ruined world.

The girl said, "Thank you for bringing us here. We wouldn't have reached the road. How was it you were on our road?"

"Was camped by the river. Thought you mightn't know of the well and mightn't have time to get out. Used—to know this country very well," Andrew said.

"It was very brave of you to come for us," the boy said.

"Never did care for roast schoolboy," Andrew muttered.

The boy laughed with a sweet treble ring to the sound. "I wouldn't have liked roast Bluey or mother either!" His arms hugged his mother and the dog. "Golly, I'm thirsty!"

Andrew shone the torch down the well. There was still dampness in the old cleft to the north. He told the boy, "Get down and work at the crack. There'll be a trickle there."

When the water came clear, the boy caught it in Andrew's quart pot. When there was a small cupful of liquid in the quart, the boy passed it up to his mother.

Then he caught water for Andrew and filled a little hole in the rock for the dog. Only then did he drink. A good boy, steady and considerate beyond his years.

Having climbed out again, he curled eagerly beside Andrew and produced a handful of crumpled grass seeds from his pocket. "These are my special seeds! I've been trying to cross the good little grass with the big grass that grows too much. It's all just come big grass yet. But you can never tell what you may find one morning!"

"Or night!" Andrew said, somewhat oddly. Before the boy went to sleep, he said, "Mother, could I speak to you?" To Andrew, he said, "Will you excuse us?"

As mother and son returned to the well, the boy was holding the girl's hand. He smiled at Andrew. Having lain down, he suddenly jumped up again and gave Andrew a hug. "Thank you again for being good and kind and saving us!"

When the boy was asleep, the girl and Andrew sat watching the myriad winkings of the fire.

She said, "Tony said some of it, but I'm still trying to find the proper words to say thank you for saving us from being burned to death—and to apologise for your having had to take such risks for us!" She smiled at him. "My name is Martha."

He said, "My name is Andrew. Now we are introduced. You have a fine boy—an exceptional boy. Not the sort of boy one expects to have the luck to stumble into on a little road."

She looked at him with the boy's soft eagerness. "Please do not be offended! But you are not the sort of man to be walking the roads! Tony and I are not going to have very much to offer anyone, but we would be very happy—and very much honored—if you would come to live with us. There won't be anything but tents for a while, but we would like our home to be your home, and we would be someone of your own to love you!" She knelt swiftly beside him. "You are such a dear, Andrew! We want you, Andrew!"

"My benighted child, you don't know me from Adam!" Andrew exclaimed in his beard.

"Something like tonight changes time so that one knows a great deal about a person very quickly. We love you, Andrew! Please do not just go away so that we would not even know what happened to you! We could not bear that! We would be worrying about someone who has become very dear to us. And we are lonely, Andrew."

Her voice was young and

To page 47


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## Continuing . . The Gauntlet of Flames

from page 45

eager. "For what the offer is worth, it is, oh, so very sincerely meant! It was what Tony wanted to speak to me about just now."

"It's as nice an offer as I've heard!" Andrew said. "As nice an offer as could be made! But you shouldn't be lonely. What you need is a nice young man. Should have been plenty of them!"

She settled herself again against the rocks and her eyelids pushed her lashes together as she laughed.

"As a matter of fact, there have been several—very nice young men. And I suppose I should have said yes to one of them—and I didn't want to!"

Her young face that was also a self-composed, a self-amused and a very strong face, was beautiful against the regathering darkness.

"It isn't that I think Michael wouldn't have wanted me to remarry. It's just that we had something so very perfect, so especially and quite wonderfully good. As if, just sometimes, if a thing is perfect enough, so much happiness is put into your hands that it doesn't end when it ends. I think that can happen, just sometimes."

"It is an unfashionable theory and I would be a biased judge," Andrew said. "I knew a singularly fine human being a great many years ago. She was my wife. I could never set another woman in her place."

"Even for Tony I'm not sure I was wrong. The nice young men all thought his grass seeds so howlingly funny—and I know nothing but worse waste grass may come of his beastly little pocketfuls of seeds, but I don't think them as funny as all that, and I wouldn't want them to be so funny he thought he was funny."

"Isn't funny!" Andrew said.

"The unfortunate reverse of the picture is that Tony is very clever, and I worry in case we stay so poor the cleverness can't be trained. Already he needs books I can't buy. He needs a wise, kind man for a friend. That's one place where you could help us, Andrew!"

Andrew was silent for a long while. Suddenly he said, "Are you absolutely sure that you don't want—the nice young men? If you are absolutely sure, I have a proposition—of business and of friendship—that might be helpful to us both."

He paused. "I am Andrew McNair. I have been looking—for certain things I did not have. You and the boy are what I need to have found them all! The problem I have been considering just now is how both you sweet children can be protected. I lead to the fact that there is, in your case, my dear, a grave legal difficulty that could perhaps be solved only in one way. Even then my relatives—bless 'em!—will certainly charge insanity. But, by gum, I think it would spike their guns!"

. . . . .

From between ruddy cheeks and white eyebrows Old Andrew looked up at an eminent judge and at eminent physicians.

"While from my standpoint, gentlemen, you are all young men, I have gambled that you have come far enough in life to have some understanding of a very old man's thought, even where it has wandered into fantasy."

"As a boy of seventy-four," the judge murmured, "I have followed Mr. McNair's thought with very considerable interest, and his journey with — er — something of personal envy . . . Proceed, Mr. McNair!"

"Before the legal representatives of my relatives complete the list of charges, I would like to ask the very great legal talent assembled here if they could suggest any other method than the one which I decided on, by which a young woman's right of inheritance could have been assured?

"I would like to ask if I was not correct in believing that for a wealthy and elderly man to adopt a beautiful young woman whom he thinks of as a daughter would present difficulties that would amount to impossibilities and certainly run for years, while, if he omits adoption and simply makes her one of his heirs, his relatives could make her reputation a scandal, her life a hell, and her inheritance a legal fee? The said elderly man's motives in either case being open to seldom creditable interpretation?"

"Perhaps an understatement," a wigged barrister said, smiling.

"I would also like the agreement of the medical authorities gathered here that, desiring to secure the legal protection of two charming children, I was not overfanciful in thinking it wise to secure it as rapidly as possible?"

"Mr. McNair may have very good years before him—but the average life expectancy of the human male is still under sixty years," a famous doctor said.

"Thank you," old Andrew said. "Perhaps my relatives' representative will complete the list?"

The legal representative of the McNair relatives rose without enthusiasm. ". . . that Andrew McNair, while obviously of unsound mind and while wandering as a common swagman a thousand miles from his home, did suddenly present himself before a minister of the church to go through the ceremony of marriage with a young woman some fifty-five years his junior whom he had known less than three days, it being further understood that Andrew McNair had proposed marriage when he had known her less than three hours, there still further being little doubt that Andrew McNair had been induced to this step by undue influence and flattery on the part of this woman and her son."

"Flattery? Yes! The flattery of young and very innocent kindness that wanted to share with an old man the tragically little it had!"

"Andrew McNair, still further, having met this itinerant young woman and her son wholly by chance while wandering in an assumably irresponsible state down an unmapped grass track . . ."

"'Wholly by chance'? H'm'm," Andrew said. "Don't believe any of you were personally acquainted with George, his grace the late Archbishop of Clewminster?"

"If but briefly, the court shared that thought-provoking experience!" the judge said. He rose, amidst the sounds of men coming to their feet.

"It has further just been indicated to us that it is the unanimous opinion of our associates, both medical and legal, that we have already too long detained Mr. McNair and that he should forthwith be allowed to rejoin his very charming new family to celebrate dismissal of the charge that has been brought against him."

"Thank you, gentlemen! Thank you very much!" Andrew said. "It was because of the hope that this might be a good day that I am dressed in this manner."

His glance touched the jewels and ribbons on his breast. "The boy, it seems, admires them!"

(Copyright)

## As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Avoid rash promises, reckless statements, October 20. October 24 may produce an unexpected gift, the recovery of a lost article, or the solution of a problem.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): There is no better day than October 23 for social arrangements. If in love, the weekend sparkles with romance.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Agreeable changes connected with employment may brighten October 22, or you may get good news in regard to a personal matter.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): A glamorous, dashing week for the young in heart. Love affairs flourish, wedding bells may ring for the eligible. For others, a lucky strike. October 21, 24, 26 are tops.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Any business matter is bound to be fortunate, October 20, especially if connected with the home or family. Check extravagant ideas, October 22.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Watch advertisements, seek information, October 22, when you'll hear something to your advantage. October 24 is fine for little journeys, outings.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Do you want to turn an honest penny? October 23 is ideal for buying or selling goods and services. October 25 beams on social life.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Tact and diplomacy plus a shrewd estimate of any situation will pay off, October 22. By October 26 you'll be sitting on top of the world.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): October 20 could be wildly extravagant of time, money, or energy. Save your efforts for October 22.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): New friends may prove exceptionally congenial. New interests are likely to develop, October 22, 23.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Keep your eye on the main chance and try to enhance prestige in your business or social world, October 20, 21.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): Do your plans strike a hidden snag, October 22? You'll actually gain in the long run, with October 26 tops.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders

**thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids**

**Read what this man says:**

I had been going downhill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and within a week I began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger . . .

**Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!** Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

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**rheumatism**
**sciatica**
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**headaches**
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Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the tried and proven family remedy, exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Blood-stream — rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, those aches and pains that sap your strength.

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Dr MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS
FOR RHEUMATISM SCIATICA KIDNEYS AND BLADDER BACKACHE URIC ACID LUMBAGO
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Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

**Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.** Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

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*Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.*

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## They looked at them all . . . then bought the best . . . the HOOVER washing machine

# Almost 200,000 owners are HOOVER'S best advertisement

**Ask any woman who owns one!**

"I love my Hoover. It does a much better job than I ever could! It's just as gentle with the clothes as hand washing and so much faster. Everything is a wonderful colour!"

Mrs. M. Kidman, Elizabeth Street, Waterloo.

"I can't say enough for the Hoover! It does all the wash for my family of five and saves me any hard work. I wouldn't go back to old-fashioned washdays for worlds!"

Mrs. I. Piggott, Florence Street, Ramsgate.

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Mrs. A. Ryan, Shaftesbury Road, Eastwood.

(Original letters on files)

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1. Does all the wash for a big family—from sheets to socks.
2. Washes faster . . . does whites in 4 minutes, rayons and woollens in 1 minute.
3. Cuts out soaking, rubbing, boiling.
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### WHY THE HOOVER CAN WASH SO MUCH

Most washing machines have a metal paddle to force the clothes back and forth through the water. But the Hoover washes by means of an exclusive patented Pulsator, situated in the side of the tub. It never comes in contact with the clothes, but sends the water surging through them, with a dirt-loosening action exactly like boiling. *All the space in the tub is for clothes!*

**Ask any woman who owns one . . . there are almost 200,000**

HW.12.WWEPC



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Continuing . . . .

# The Maras Affair

from page 5

police arrived and began to force them back. Then they broke and swayed and pushed and shouted, panic rising among them again.

Burton saw one of the horses rear up. A woman screamed. Men leaped at the trooper and tore him from his horse. Then the long sticks were out as the police rode into the mob.

Burton was caught in an eddying movement of the mass and carried back to the end of the street. The wild tumult died.

Suddenly the voice of Trovic again blared out from the loud-speakers, beginning in mid-sentence. ". . . suffering upon you. We bring you liberty. We are in control of the radio system and will broadcast news from moment to moment. The army marches with us to strike off your chains. Rise, rise, rise! The new dawn is yours."

Burton moved on hurriedly. Attridge had beaten him to the Post and Telegraph Building, but it seemed that the news of its capture had been premature. Attridge had tried to slip a cable through and had been referred to the Foreign Press Censorship.

"I'm on my way to see what has happened over there," he said.

Burton joined him. The familiar office was crowded with correspondents. Someone had turned on a radio, and the recorded voice of Trovic was still repeating its call to the people.

A typewritten sheet on the notice-board conveyed the information in German, French, and English that no messages for transmission abroad would be accepted till further notice. There was added the information that all departments of the Propaganda Ministry were closed for the night.

Burton started for the office. When he reached it, he found that the janitor was missing. He ran up the stairs, hoping to find Anna. She was not there, and suddenly his anxiety became an agony of misgiving. With the whole town in a ferment, anything might have happened to her.

He saw again the horses ridden into the surging crush of people. She might have been one of the victims left lying in the roadway. Certainly he should have insisted on her going straight home from the Opera House, with or without Babette.

He went to the window and looked out. The lighted tower of Radio House rose behind the dark dome of St. Trophimus. From the street below, the voice of Trovic reached him, muted but articulate.

Once more it was cut off in mid-sentence, as if the needle had been lifted from the record, but something more drastic had happened. The lights in the tower had gone out.

Burton paced, but always he returned to the window. Once he raised the bottom sash and listened. There was silence. The whole town seemed dead.

A sound from the outer office made him start. The door was opened and Anna and Babette were there, looking like two distraught ghosts. Burton went to them with a sigh of relief.

Babette seemed near exhaustion, shivering, holding on to Anna's arm for support. There were still traces of stage make-up on her face and the marks of tears were plain. All her prettiness was gone; two hours had made her old.

Anna said: "I could not leave her. She wanted to come, to see if there was any news. We are very cold."

"There's heat in my room." Burton took Babette into his office. Looking after her friend had helped Anna recover. She went briskly to her desk for a match and started a flame under the tea urn.

"The police held us at the Opera House," she said. "Sesnik was there."

"Did he ask you about your visit to that box?"

"No. I think you are the only one who saw me."

"Who was the young man?"

"A friend. I told you. I didn't know . . ." She broke off impatiently. "What use can the answers be to these questions? You cannot send this information."

"Did Sesnik find out anything?"

"What could he find out?" She was busy making Babette comfortable in the armchair, borrowing Burton's overcoat to use as a rug. "There was nothing but hysteria at the Opera. What has really happened?"

Burton began to repeat what he had learned, using French for Babette's benefit, but Anna interrupted him.

"Speak English. I will tell her what she needs to know. I wish to spare her."

"Why is she so upset?"

"She is emotional." She said it with clinical detachment. "She has had a very terrible experience."

"Trovic——"

"Please!" She cut in sharply. "It is not necessary for her to hear the name."

Babette and Trovic? Looking swiftly back, he saw that he might have reached the conclusion without prompting, but now he checked the inclination to accept it too readily. Anna's concern for Trovic had been apparent more than once.

He said: "You heard the broadcast?"

"Yes. A prepared record. It is no proof that any particular person is at Radio House."

"They hold the place."

"And the power has been cut off. Do they hold anything else?"

He again started to tell her what he knew, and this time she listened without interrupting. Babette sat in the armchair as if she were numb in body and mind. She watched Anna and Burton, but there was no understanding in her eyes. Anna brought her tea and forced her to drink it.

"I'll go down and try to find a cab," Burton said. "The thing to do is to get you both home."

"No." Anna stopped him. "I wish her to be with me, and I must be here. I have to know what happens."

"But you can't stay here all night. Babette's in no state . . ."

"She will soon be asleep. There was something in the tea. It was the only way to help her."

"Yes. I see." And if things got really serious, all you had to do was to put a little more of something in the tea. Your life was in your handbag.

Till Saturday, he reminded himself. Then Anna could be free.

He went to the window. It came to him then that the murder of Riecke would wash out all the remaining events of the anniversary week.

There would be no ceremony at Ranawitz on Saturday; no nine o'clock train from the Alexis Station. The police would clamp down on everything. You would need a permit, signed and counter-signed, to cross the road. Unless, of course, the rising succeeded.

The tower of Radio House stood out darkly against a glow of reflected light on the low clouds. He imagined that all the approaches to the building were controlled by troops and police.

Beyond the line of mounted police, half-way down to the quay, the wide street was empty except for a few official cars. Another line reached across the traffic roundabout by the Alexis Bridge. Crowds stood behind the cordons in front of Radio House, waiting. Other people stood behind lighted windows, waiting.

Anna came to his side.

To page 50

***"Oh, I had a wonderful time, Melvin. Who was that fellow that danced with me the whole evening?"***

***"Mum! We found Tootsy! Mum!"***


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Bring back all its softness and sheen with
MODE-OLENE HAIR VITALIZER
It protects hair cells, prevents dryness. Available at chemists, hairdressers, and stores.


*Continuing . . . .*

# The Maras Affair

*from page 49*

"Listen!" she whispered sharply. "Do you hear?"

He raised the window again. Far away to the north a train whistled. Then he heard another sound, a steady, mechanical clatter. He closed the window. Yesterday's parade would have made him familiar with the sound if he had not heard it before.

They waited side by side at the window and saw a squadron of medium tanks come into view and pass down the street towards Radio House. The army was now ready to deal with things . . .

Soon after dawn there was a spatter of rifle fire, and the police down at the Alexis Bridge began to push the crowd farther back. A second burst of firing was followed by a long pause. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes.

Burton was restive. He wanted to get down into the street, but the police would turn him back, and from the window he could at least see something of what was going on. He could see the crowd scattering, running towards the bridge and along the quays. He could see the police falling back, seeking cover.

Next, the rumbling of caterpillar treads reached him, and one of the tanks clattered into position on the street corner and swung its gun on to Radio House.

He knew then that it was all over with the men inside the building. The army had failed them. The guns were pointed at the rebels, not at the government, and it was obvious that an ultimatum had been delivered.

Anna began to sob quietly. She was near the end of her endurance.

"The fools!" she said. "The poor, mad fools! Why did they have to do it?"

Another burst of defiant fire broke in on her question. It was the answer to the ultimatum, and the army officer in charge of the operation wasted no time. The tank gun fired, and a cloud of dust flew up in the entrance of the building. The second round smashed the heavy doors ajar. A third flung aside one of the doors and the improvised barricade behind it.

There was a moment's silence, then a smoke canister landed in the road near the entrance. It was followed by two or three more, mortared from a tank Burton could not see. There was a stiff breeze, and the smoke screen did not remain thick for very long; but it was enough.

While the tanks began to fire their machine-guns at the windows from which the rebel fire had been coming, soldiers with gasmasks darted into the smoke with tear-gas projectors in their hands.

Chips of masonry flew from the window embrasures as the tanks put in burst after burst of covering fire. Then the men with gasmasks returned. A gust of wind thinned the smoke sufficiently for Burton to see the entrance again.

Suddenly a man ran down the steps from it with his hands to his face. A burst from a machine pistol got him before he was half-way across the road, and he pitched forward and rolled on the cobbles.

Troops, working along from a flank, were ready to assault. They tossed in grenades, and, as they exploded, went in after them. After a while there was silence. Then an army truck moved from the Breclin Quay, followed by an ambulance.

Burton said: "Try the Propaganda Ministry again."

All through the night they had been attempting to telephone one government department or another. Anna was a long time over her latest attempt. She came from the instrument shaking her head.

"We must wait for the radio," she said. "Perhaps something will come through before long."

Burton switched on the set. Babette was still sleeping, sprawled in the chair. Anna looked as if she might collapse at any minute, but it was no use trying to do anything with her.

Suddenly there was a crackling sound from the radio, which was followed by the familiar tuning signal. Burton and the girl turned together quickly. After a minute, the voice of a regular announcer came over the air, and Anna translated as he spoke.

"This is the National Broadcasting Service. The insurrection is over. The leader, Andreas Nimsky, alias Pero Trovic, was killed while resisting arrest. The full programme of this service will be resumed when repairs have been effected at the transmitting station. The next news broadcast will be at nine hours."

Anna faltered, and Burton feared that now the collapse would come.

"I'm sorry, Anna." He gripped her hand. "I can't tell you how sorry."

She shook her head and began to speak, brokenly, a little incoherently.

"We are not always responsible. It is the way we have lived that is to blame. It is hard for me that this end had to be so pitiful and futile.

*"It was just like the book; I kept going to sleep at the same places."*

Trovic was my brother's best friend, and because of that he was my friend. We three worked always together in the days of the Occupation. It is hard for me, it is harder for Babette. She loved him; they were to have been married, but I always feared that she would never be happy with him."

She paused, meeting his gaze. "I must tell you this now, because he used you for his purpose. That was his way. He used everybody. He had no love, except for his plans. The war destroyed him. He had not the strength to find his way back. He became a fanatic, and we always feared his madness. The poor old man he murdered was once his friend and leader. Those others, too. And the men who followed him.

"I begged him that there should be no bloodshed, and he promised me. He promised Babette, too. I helped him when he was in danger. My father gave him shelter, and now I am afraid of the consequences. I do not think he was traced to Tolnitz, but I cannot be sure."

"Anna, dear Anna, don't you see that this life here is impossible for you?"

She shook her head. "More than ever it is necessary for me to stay with my father."

"Then I'll have to get both of you out of the country."

Again she shook her head. "I must go to Tolnitz as soon as you can spare me. Meanwhile, I had better take Babette to her home."

He went out and found them a cab and when he came back he at last got a response from the Propaganda Ministry. Agency flashes had already been sent out to the world. Individual messages would be accepted by the censorship after eleven o'clock.

Burton looked up at the clock that ticked out Eastern Standard time. Before there was any hope of getting a message through the censor, the last

*To page 52*


**A WEEK'S DISHWASHING**

*is a bigger job than the weekly laundry. (It's about a thousand cooking and eating utensils for a family of four). Like your weekly laundry, dishwashing needs hard-working* **suds** *. . . to do a thorough job fast!*

**RINSO's thicker, richer suds...**

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Why? Because Rinso suds get dishes clean like nothing else does. Rinso gives you the cleanest, most hygienic wash up of all because Rinso dissolves grease and keeps it dissolved. Dishes, cutlery, pots and pans are shinier . . . cleaner . . . in half the time it takes with old-fashioned bar soaps. Use Rinso for your washing-up to-night!

**7 out of every 10 Australian housewives have proved that Rinso with its thicker, richer suds is best for everything — whites, coloureds, dishes.**

Z.338.WWHPz




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# Planning to paint? ... then which interior finish would you use for :-

Bedroom walls + ceilings

Skirting boards

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For all walls + ceilings (except kitchens + bathrooms)

*In 18 colours including these new rich tones — Monterey Red, Sunshine Yellow, Pinehurst Green and Wedgwood Blue*

## Kem-Tone

***. . . the oil paint that mixes with water.***

***Kem-Tone covers most surfaces in one coat. It dries in an hour. There's no "painty" smell and the room is ready to be lived in immediately. The cost? An average room for as little as £2 or even less.***

For kitchen + bathroom walls + ceilings + all interior woodwork

*Full gloss or semi-lustre — 24 glorious colours in convenient sizes from ½-pint upwards*

## KEM-GLO

***. . . looks and washes like baked enamel.***

***KEM-GLO, the colour companion to Kem-Tone, covers most previously-painted surfaces in one coat. It flows on easily; dries overnight to a tough, steam and grease-defying surface like the finish on your refrigerator.***

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**Whether you're painting yourself or employing a master painter, you may obtain FREE an *individually* planned colour scheme for your home (or office or factory) through the Mayfair Colour Centre. The Centre will also be pleased to answer any technical questions on preparation, surface treatments, quantities required, etc. Write, phone or call in — if writing, merely print your name and address on a sheet of paper with the name of this magazine at the top and post it.**

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An independent survey of Australian families proved that more men and women prefer Lux Toilet Soap for lather, perfume, and colour. More people the world over buy Lux Toilet Soap than any other brand. Buy Lux Toilet Soap for *all* the family.

*9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap*

## THE POTATO MUDDLE

**THE Great Australian Potato Muddle, an impressive example of red tape gone haywire, is causing exasperation and financial strain to harassed housewives all over the country—especially in New South Wales, where this staple food costs 10d to 1/- a lb.**

**Melbourne people have found it difficult to buy Victorian potatoes, which are being used on Brisbane dinner tables; there was a shortage in Brisbane because "spuds" grown near the Queensland capital were sent to Sydney to relieve the shortage there; and Townsville potatoes, instead of being sent the shorter distance to Brisbane, also went to Sydney.**

**The clue to this crazy situation seems to lie in the fact that since May, 1952, there has been no fixed price for potatoes in N.S.W., while in Queensland, Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia the price remains fixed at less than 6d a lb.**

**In the meantime, housewives, wistfully recalling the fact that they could buy 5lb. of potatoes for 1/- before the war, have to dig deeper into their pockets to provide this necessary item for the family menu.**

***In its issue of October 20, A.M., the popular family magazine, publishes an authoritative analysis of the potato muddle.***

*Continuing . . . .*

# The Maras Affair

*from page 50*

edition would have gone to bed. And in any case London had the news flashes.

There was no hurry, but Burton started on his job without delay. Now that everything had ended happily for the regime, a good deal of latitude would be permitted, and he might spread himself a bit on his eye-witness account of the assassination.

It was a good story, and he had most of it down on paper before Anna returned.

She had not been long. "Babette was calm," she said. "I suppose she knew it could have had no other end. But she will mourn terribly."

"Yes. I suppose so." He was remote for the moment, the newspaperman on the job, the protective armor in position. "Stand by for that broadcast, will you? Then you can get in touch with the university. Have them send round a reliable man. Tell them we don't want a police spy."

She stood by and translated while he made notes. When the reliable man came from the university, he turned out to be the one who had previously presented himself on Sesnik's recommendation.

For a moment Burton's lips tightened. Then he laughed.

"All right," he said. "I'll give you two days' trial. If you get me arrested, you're fired. All you have to do is translate the flimsies as they come in."

"Flimsies, sir?"

"Explain to him, Anna. Then you can get off. Phone me when you return to town. And make it soon, or I'll start looking for you."

She came into the inner room a minute later. "The boy's all right," she told him. "Are you sure you can spare me?"

"Of course. You're quite useless." He got up from his his desk. "I don't know what I am going to do without you."

"Then I shall stay."

"I mean at the end of the week when you've gone for good."

She hesitated, and he saw the trouble in her eyes. Then she turned away wearily.

"You ought to get some sleep," he told her.

"I shall. At Tolnitz."

"Give my greetings to your father. Tell him I'll be coming out to see him. Tell him everything is going to be all right."

"Why do you worry yourself? You have no responsibility for us."

He held out his hand to take hers. He felt the warmth of her hand responding to his clasp. Then she was in his arms, her forehead pressed against his shoulder. She held tightly to him till the telephone rang in the outer office. He kissed her gently and led her to the door.

"I'll take the call," he told her. "You get some rest now. Come back this evening and we'll have dinner together. There's a lot I want to say to you."

She smiled tremulously at him as she went.

It was Sesnik on the line. "I would like to take you to lunch today," he said. "Will you, please, wait for me at your office?"

Burton recognised something of the imperial edict in the Police Commissioner's polite invitation. He sat staring at the half-typed sheet in his machine, and then he was not thinking of Sesnik. The new man brought in flimsy after flimsy, with translation attached, till there was quite a pile on the desk.

The story was simple enough as he pieced it together from the radio broadcast and the official reports. It was much as he had already figured it out: a story of pitifully inept fanaticism. Destroy the tyrant, broadcast the news, and the whole country would rise! That was the argument and the error.

The timing had been better than the plan. At the moment the bomb was thrown, both Radio House and the transmitting station on the outskirts of the capital were attacked, and a few minutes later Trovic and his helper at the Opera joined the party at Radio House. Here, complete control had been established, but at the transmitter things went badly for the rebels.

A loyal worker managed to throw a switch and cause a temporary breakdown. Repairs were made, transmission was resumed, and then came a counter-attack by a strong force of militia. It was successful, but not before more damage was done to the transmitter.

Sealed off by the police and with no knowledge of what was happening elsewhere, the party in Radio House waited through the night for the military help that had been promised. But the plans of a certain Colonel Beritic had been betrayed at the last moment. The men and youths in Radio House had nothing to wait for but the end, and they took it with desperate courage when it came.

"There were no survivors." Burton tapped out the words.

*To page 53*

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## Continuing . . . The Maras Affair

from page 52

ripped the sheet from the machine, and took his message to the censor's office.

. . . . .

Burton arrived back late to the office, to find Sesnik waiting for him. Sesnik was very spruce in his bulbous way. He wore a black tie in recognition of the national calamity, but there was nothing solemn about him. He beamed. He was happy.

"I see," he said, "that you have taken young Wenzl under your wing after all. I am glad of it. He is a worthy boy. I knew his mother very well. A handsome and courtly woman. The father was no good. A scoundrel, a collaborator, and in the pay of the Americans. He tried to escape. He had reached the last barrier of barbed wire when he trod on a bomb. It is very, very difficult to escape."

"That's what your friend Trovic must have thought," Burton retorted. "It seems that he didn't even try. You must have been rather surprised the way he turned up last night."

"My dear friend, I am never surprised." The comical mouth looked more comical. "When I make myself a theory I recognise that there is always an alternative. Sometimes I make three and even four theories, so I am never surprised . . . Come, let us go to lunch, my dear Burton. I am hungry. I had no breakfast. I will take you to a small place where we can get an excellent shish kabab with ladies' fingers."

The kabab was really excellent, served sizzling hot on the skewer. Sesnik talked of food and cookery with abandon. He was a trencherman. "One evening you must come to my apartment and I will cook for you. As soon as the successor to Riecke is appointed I will send you an invitation."

"Who is to be the successor?"

"Who can say? I think you have already had an instruction that there is to be no newspaper speculation."

"Yes, but I'm not asking as a newspaperman."

"Again I must say I do not know. Perhaps it will be Monsieur Varlein. He is not too badly hurt. A broken jaw and a gashed thigh. He hurled himself down just in time."

"You think Varlein's a good man?"

"It is a matter for the Supreme Council. They will present the candidate to the people and ask for a vote." Sesnik did not care for the conversation and changed it. He produced a much-used wristwatch with a chromium case and laid it on the table.

"Can you identify that?" he inquired.

Burton could. He said: "It looks like a watch. Cheap Swiss, I suppose."

"It is Sokolny's watch."

"Now you come to mention it, it *does* seem familiar. But one never takes much notice of another person's watch."

"I do." The moon face wore its most expansive smile. "For instance, my dear Burton, I notice that you have a new brown strap on your watch. When I first met you, it was a black strap. Why have you changed it?"

"Why? The black strap was worn nearly through. I didn't want to lose my watch, so I bought a new strap. But it can't possibly interest you."

"It might interest me if I knew where you bought it."

"Good heavens, Sesnik! Don't tell me I've been patronising a receiver of stolen property. I bought it in a most respectable shop on the Breclin Quay, close to the Alexis Bridge."

"Ah!" Sesnik sighed deeply and sipped his coffee. "The shop of Emil Dovinye?"

"I think that was the name. What's the mystery?"

"It was in the same shop that we found Sokolny's watch."

"As a matter of fact, Sokolny recommended the watchmaker to me," Burton said slowly.

"So you said. What puzzles me is how Sokolny's watch came into the possession of Dovinye."

"Now don't help me." Burton frowned. "Let me try my hand at deduction. Sokolny took it there."

"No, my dear Burton. It was taken to Dovinye after Sokolny's death. There was blood on the strap."

"Well," said Burton, "it's easy enough to check. Just ask Dovinye when he received the watch from Sokolny."

"Dovinye is dead."

"Dead? He seemed in good health when I bought my strap. It's very sudden, isn't it?"

"Very sudden. Like Sokolny. Like Riecke."

"You're not linking them up?" Burton introduced a note of protest. "You surely don't think . . . ?"

Sesnik cut in. "I'm trying to find out why Sokolny was murdered. He knew Trovic, the assassin. The death of Riecke had been planned."

"I knew Trovic. Does that make me guilty of anything?"

"Anna Maras knew Trovic."

"She knew that he was doing a job for me. If it comes to that, Sokolny's acquaintance with him was much longer."

"Trovic was in the resistance movement during the war. So was Anna."

"What does that prove?"

"Nothing." Sesnik shrugged, making quite an effort of it. "I am trying to trace the history of certain figures in the Resistance. It is difficult, but I shall succeed in the end. I am a patient man, Mr. Burton. Very, very patient. Where is Anna today, by the way?"

"She was at the office all night, standing by. I sent her home to get some rest." He hesitated, then decided that frankness was the best policy. "To Tolnitz. She was troubled about her father. The family was so friendly with President Riecke."

"Yes." Sesnik nodded. "That presents us with one of the anomalies. Anna would never have done anything to harm the unfortunate Riecke. There was that unexpected scene at the saluting base. Quite touching. I wonder what Monsieur Varlein thought of it. After what has happened there is likely to be a purge of undesirable elements. The prospect is *quite terrifying* . . . Some more coffee?"

. . . . .

After lunch, Burton managed to put his fears aside in the press of work. He had made a round of the Government offices, talking to the higher-ups trying to get a line on the likely successor to Riecke. Varlein was the name most often mentioned.

He went to Settembrini to see if he had any pictures of Varlein.

"I suppose Saturday's trip is off?" he said.

"If the Ranawitz ceremony is cancelled there will be no *nine o'clock train*." Settembrini answered. "I am not yet giving up hope. Ranawitz is an unbroken tradition. Besides, I am putting out the suggestion, through certain agents, that Ranawitz offers a wonderful opportunity for a memorial service to Riecke. The day of national mourning. Another name added to the honor roll of martyrs . . ."

Then, at the Ministry of Propaganda, Burton met Attridge coming up the steps.

"Heard the news from the Supreme Council?" he inquired. "The meeting to name the new President is fixed for Friday. The funeral baked meats, etcetera."

He laughed. "By the way, what's your pretty secretary been up to? Crossing the street in the wrong place?"

Burton felt as if something had hit him. As casually as he could he said: "What are you talking about?"

"Sorry if I gave you a shock." Attridge laughed again. "I didn't think you were the jumpy sort. I was only joking, anyway. I was down at the Police Judiciary when they brought her in. I mean, it looked like that. Maybe she was on some errand for you."

"She's with her father at Tolnitz. You must be mistaken."

Attridge shrugged. "Maybe. It looked like her, anyway."

"What time was it?"

"About half past three. I had just come . . ." He stared at Burton, leaving the sentence unfinished. "That reminds me. There's talk that your man Sokolny bumped himself off the other night. There's also talk that this fellow Trovic did jobs for you."

"Maybe there's talk that I was asking where I could buy a bomb?"

"That's it, but old Gregor thought that was just one of your wisecracks. Wait a minute. Don't be in such a hurry. I want to know . . ."

But Burton was already out of earshot.

*To be concluded*

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

## *Beauty in brief:* Hair grooming tips

*By CAROLYN EARLE*

● Summer often brings hair grooming problems. Warmth can make less manageable hair that tends to dryness; oily hair frequently becomes lank more quickly.

IF you do your own hair, oil and vinegar probably come most readily to hand in the home.

For unruly hair, heat a little olive oil slightly and apply it carefully before going to bed. Wrap a towel around your head, being sure to fix it securely. Scrub-shampoo next morning to remove all oil, and rinse in a strong solution of vinegar and water.

Where hair is very dry with brittle ends that split, use the olive oil treatment frequently. The oiling promotes suppleness.

For daily grooming it is easier to keep flyaway locks under control if you stroke on a few drops of cream hairdressing or a bit of wave lotion before arranging it.

A dab of lacquer usually puts straggly ends in place.

A vinegar rinse after every shampoo usually imparts softness and lustre to oily hair. If vinegar tends to darken hair color, substitute strained lemon juice.

A quick pick-up for lank hair is to warm a clean towel and massage hair vigorously between its folds. The towel needs to be quite hot for this job.

Another idea is to part oily hair all over and rub the scalp with a piece of cotton wool soaked either with toilet water or diluted cologne. It will dry very quickly.

For a quick hair-set, roll large pin-curls and spray with quick-set lotion. Ten minutes in pins, followed by brushing into shape, revives a tired-looking hair-do.

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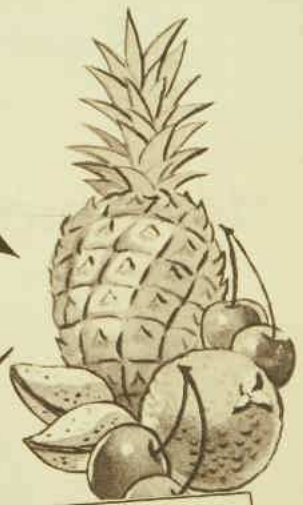

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F2789.—Slim one-piece with halter neckline. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2788

F2789

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**No. 539.—DAISY DUCHESSE SET**

The set is obtainable clearly traced, ready to embroider, on sheer Irish linen in cream, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green; and on organdie in white, pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11in. by 17in.; smaller mats 8in. by 8in. Price: Linen 7/11, postage 7d. extra; organdie 5/11, postage 7d. extra.

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Dress, carrying coat, and matinee jacket are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is white Swiss voile. Embroidery is worked in pastel colors. Lace is not supplied. Price, dress, 10/6, postage, 1/- extra; carrying coat, 10/3, postage, 1/- extra; matinee jacket, 4/11, postage, 7d. extra. Complete set, 25/9, postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

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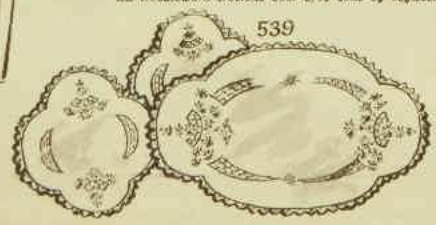

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*THE SAVORY DISHES illustrated above look so tempting that no one would guess they were made from left-overs. See recipes for Louisiana shrimps, barbecued lamb ribs, and potato croquettes.*

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BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

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RECIPES given here make use of small quantities of sweet and savory ingredients, so that left-overs from previous meals are completely disguised.

Remember that spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

## LOUISIANA SHRIMPS

**(An appetising little savory based on a small amount of cooked rice, pepped up with prawns.)**

**One tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ¾ cup cooked rice, ½lb. prawns, ¾ cup milk or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato puree or tomato juice, salt, pepper, ¼ cup dry breadcrumbs.**

Cook onion until tender in melted butter or substitute. Add all other ingredients except breadcrumbs. Fill into greased ramekins or cassolettes, top with crumbs. Dot with extra shortening. Reheat and brown lightly in oven. Serve piping hot garnished with whole prawns and parsley.

## BARBECUED LAMB RIBS

**(A cunning device for dressing up the rib-ends of a loin of lamb.)**

**R'b-ends, cut from cooked loin of lamb (if necessary, extend quantity with cooked lamb rib chops), clove of garlic, salt, pepper.**

**Barbecue Sauce: One cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped celery, 3 dessertspoons fat, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 1½ dessertspoons brown sugar, 1 to 1½ cups tomato juice, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped red or green pepper, ¼ to ½ teaspoon tobasco sauce.**

Cut rib-ends into service-sized pieces, rub with cut clove of garlic, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Prepare barbecue sauce. Lightly brown onion and celery in hot fat. Add all other ingredients, first blending mustard smoothly with a little of the tomato juice. Simmer 10 minutes until sauce reduces slightly. Add meat and continue simmering until meat is reheated, or if oven is in use reheat in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

## CORNED BEEF HASH WITH POTATOES

**(An old favorite, piquant with red or green pepper.)**

**One cup cooked diced potatoes, 1 small cooked onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped red or green pepper, 2 to 2½ cups cold corned beef cut into small cubes, 1 cup vegetable stock thickened with 2 teaspoons gravy browning (or make 1 cup thick brown gravy), 1-3rd cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, soft breadcrumbs, grated cheese, butter or substitute.**

Mix potatoes, chopped onion, red or green pepper, and meat well together. Heat gravy with tomato puree, sauce, salt and pepper. Add meat mixture and mix well. Turn into 1 large greased dish, or divide between 6 greased ramekin-dishes or cassolettes. Sprinkle the top with breadcrumbs mixed with grated cheese. Dot tops with pieces of butter or substitute, reheat and brown top in moderate oven.

## POTATO CROQUETTES

**(These can be made from freshly cooked potatoes if desired.)**

**Two to 3 cups mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 egg-yolk (if available), 1 dessertspoon grated or scraped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, cayenne pepper and salt to taste, egg glazing, breadcrumbs.**

Beat butter, milk, and egg-yolk into hot mashed potato (either reheated or freshly cooked). Add onion, parsley, cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Shape a quantity at a time into finger-length croquettes, using a little flour if necessary. Dip in egg glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry golden brown in fuming fat. Drain on clean kitchen paper, serve at once.

## ORANGE DELIGHT

**(A good way to use up slices of stale sponge roll.)**

**Slices of stale, left-over sponge roll, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup strained orange juice, ¼ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine softened in 2 tablespoons hot water, 2 eggs.**

Line sides of round cake-tin with sliced sponge roll, trimming sides of slices so that they cover sides of mould completely. Mix fruit juices with sugar, fruit rinds, and egg-yolks. Stir over boiling water until thickened slightly. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved. When cold and beginning to thicken fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and continue beating until very thick. Pour into tin, chill until set. Unmould, serve with cream.

## STUFFED VEGETABLE MARROW

**(An effective way of disguising a not-so-popular vegetable and extending a small quantity of left-over cold meat.)**

**One medium-sized marrow, 1 to 1½ cups minced or finely diced cooked meat, 2 rashers cooked bacon, ½ cup grated carrot, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup stock or water, 1-3rd cup tomato puree, extra breadcrumbs, grated cheese.**

Wash and dry marrow, place in large, covered casserole with water to a depth of ¾in. to 1in. Cover and bake in moderate oven until marrow is barely tender. Lift out carefully, cut in halves lengthwise, and remove seeds. Combine meat, chopped bacon (rind removed), carrot, finely chopped onion, parsley, seasoning, and breadcrumbs. Fold in stock or water mixed with tomato puree. Fill into marrow halves, top with crumbs and cheese. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot.



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*The original Macleans is still on sale Everywhere*


# Prize recipes

*SAVORY LUNCHEON ROLLS served hot are a delicious and appetising dish for luncheon or late evening snacks. See main prize-winning recipe on this page.*

**Two simple luncheon dishes and two interesting and unusual cakes are the prize-winners in our popular weekly cookery contest.**

THE savory luncheon rolls, which win the main prize, are quickly prepared and very tasty.

Minced, cooked, left-over meat or tinned meat may be used instead of the frankfurts suggested in the recipe.

This week's consolation prize-winning recipes give new flavor combinations which will delight the whole family.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

### SAVORY LUNCHEON ROLLS

**Three-quarters pound frankfurts or devon sausage, ½ medium onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ green pepper, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon prepared horseradish (or more according to taste), salt and pepper to taste, 5 or 6 bread rolls.**

Mince skinned frankfurts with onion, parsley, and parboiled green pepper. Mix with remaining ingredients. Pile roughly on to buttered bread rolls. Place under hot griller until meat mixture is thoroughly heated. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. O. Wallis, 2 Coleman Ave., North Kew, Vic.**

### SCOTCH EGGS

**Three hard-boiled eggs, 6 tablespoons sausage meat, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, seasoned flour, egg glazing, breadcrumbs.**

Mix sausage meat with salt and parsley. Mould around shelled, hard-boiled eggs, keeping shape of eggs. Coat with flour, beaten egg, then breadcrumbs. Deep fry 5 to 7 minutes. Drain, cut in halves lengthwise. Serve hot with brown gravy.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Harris, "Clare Park," Grenfell, N.S.W.**

### CHOCOLATE ALMOND SLICES

**Six ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. sugar, 3oz. ground rice, 2oz. ground almonds, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 2 egg-yolks, or 1 egg-yolk and 1 dessertspoon milk, apricot jam.**

**Topping: Two ounces almonds (blanched and chopped), 1oz. chocolate.**

Rub shortening into sifted flour and salt. Add sugar, ground rice, and almonds. Mix to a stiff dough with egg-yolks and almond essence. Knead lightly on floured board, divide into two. Roll each piece into oblong shape nearly ¼in. thick. Pinch edges, place on trays. Partly bake in slow oven 20 minutes. Spread each piece of pastry with jam, cover with grated chocolate and chopped nuts mixed together. Bake in slow oven further 15 to 20 minutes. Cool slightly, cut into 1in. slices, leave on trays until cold.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Hooton, 25 Baden Powell St., Rockhampton, Qld.**

### PEANUT-DATE CAKE

**Four ounces butter or substitute, ¾ cup sugar, 2 small eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1¼ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, scant ½ cup milk, ½ cup dates, grated rind ½ lemon.**

**Peanut Topping: Three dessertspoons brown sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 dessertspoons peanut butter, ½ cup coarsely chopped peanuts.**

Prepare topping first. Combine all ingredients, mixing well. Spread over base of greased 9in. x 5in. x 2in. loaf-tin. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Place half cake mixture in tin. Add dates and lemon rind to balance, fill into tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

**Variation:** Omit peanut topping, prepare cake mixture as above, fill into greased ring-tin, cover with spicy apple topping. Cook as above.

**Spicy Apple Topping:** Peel and grate 1 medium-sized apple. Spread pulp over cake. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon brown sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Stacy, Seaview Rd., Yeppoon, Qld.**


*SUPPER SPECIAL*

# American "CHEESE-BURGER"

## Delicious! Satisfying!

Simply split a hamburger bun and toast both slices. Slice Kraft Cheddar on bottom slice with tomato, and place under griller for a few minutes. Garnish with parsley or chopped lettuce – replace top half of toasted bun and there you have it . . . "American Kraft Cheese-burger".

That true *mild* Cheddar flavour is favourite for *all* sandwiches, snacks and savouries. And remember, Kraft Cheddar gives you the same nourishing protein as the most expensive cuts of meat – *plus* additional food values . . . . Vitamins A, $B_2$ and D, calories and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. A *bargain* in nutrition! Sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or from the economical 5 lb. loaf.

**5 good reasons** *why Kraft Cheddar is best cheese value*

1. No rind – no waste
2. Flavour never varies
3. Slices easily – never crumbles
4. Stays fresh
5. Pasteurised for purity

# KRAFT CHEDDAR

KC-6

## Are you Anaemic?

. . . eggs are one of the finest foods you can eat for the formation of rich, red blood! That's because they're rich in iron in a form quickly and completely absorbed by the system!

**EGGS**

THE PERFECT All-round FOOD

Authorised by the Egg Producers Council

## CALL ME LUCKY

*By Bing Crosby*

**This is Crosby's autobiography and covers most of his brilliant and entertaining life history, complete with golf, hunting, ranching, racing, Hollywood, and glamor.**

*Price 15/- from all Booksellers*





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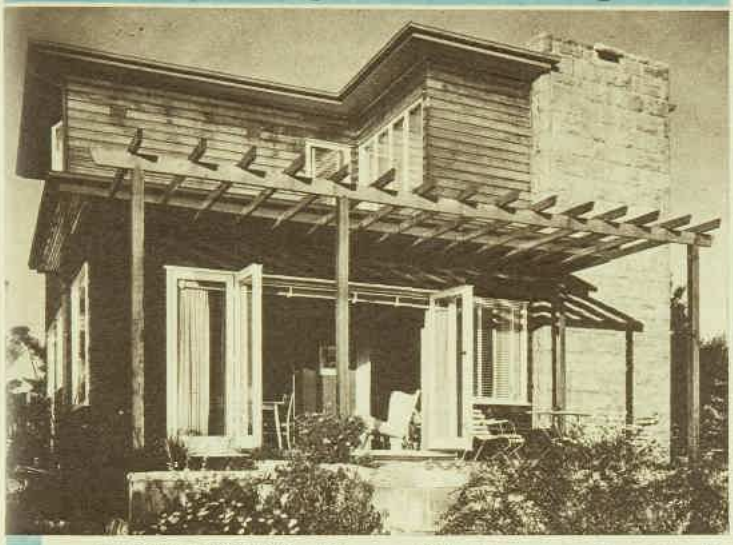
# Building in stages



*WIDE STONE TERRACE, which opens off the dining-room on the western side, extends the living space to the outdoors. From the terrace there is a splendid view of Middle Harbor. The pergola and wide eaves are a barrier against the sun.*

*LIVING AREA of Mr. and Mrs. George Dawson's modern timber home at Seaforth, N.S.W. As the view to the west governed the position of the windows, Mrs. Dawson used cool basic shades of green in the furnishings of the living area.*

**The attractive two-storey timber home of Mr. and Mrs. George Dawson, of Seaforth, N.S.W., was built four years ago, when floor areas were limited by building restrictions and homes had to be tightly planned.**

THE Dawsons wanted a spacious home with three bedrooms. They planned their house so that additions could be made with the least possible expense when restrictions were lifted.

The architect, Mr. Gabor Lukacs, therefore designed the home for two building stages.

Set in natural bushland on the heights of Seaforth, the house is of red mahogany weatherboard, with a flat roof and wide eaves. White window frames and daffodil-yellow on the doors and under the eaves make bright contrast with the walls and surrounding greenery.

In the original design the front of the home and the bedrooms on the first floor were planned exactly as they were wanted, but in the ground-floor area space had to be limited, a dining recess was combined with the sitting-room, as shown on the floor plan below.

Provision was made for extensions, and these have just been completed.

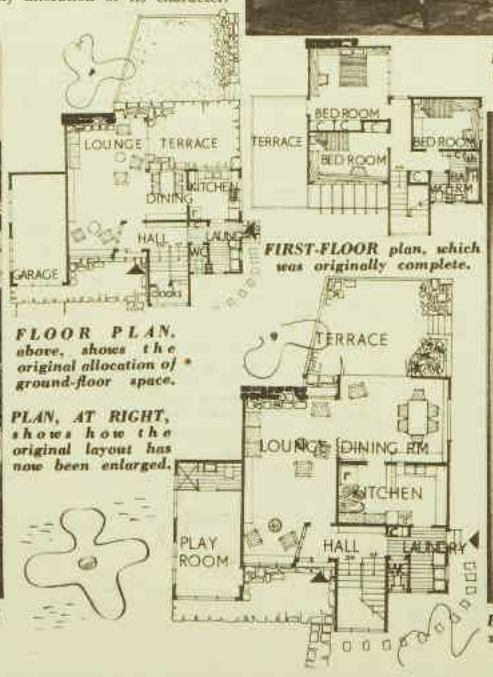
A dining-room has now been built on the original terrace. The dining recess in the sitting-room has been attached to the kitchen; the garage has been converted into a playroom, and a new garage, detached from the house, has been added.

The floor plan directly below shows how these extensions were allowed for, and the lower plan shows the present spaciousness of the house.

This initial planning for later extensions meant that the home was enlarged without any alteration of its character.

*BROAD STONE FIREPLACE is a pleasant feature of the sitting-room. Fluorescent lighting is concealed under the pelmet board.*

*FRONT of the home, which remained unchanged during extensions. The playroom, at left, which opens on to the lawn, was previously the garage.*




*FIRST-FLOOR plan, which was originally complete.*

*FLOOR PLAN, above, shows the original allocation of ground-floor space.*

*PLAN, AT RIGHT, shows how the original layout has now been enlarged.*

*BUILT-IN SHELF which divides entrance and living area. Translucent glass panels give privacy to the living area, but do not obscure light.*



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# How 2 families got bigger rooms in one weekend by taking hinges off their doors

**1.** ***This is the case of Mrs. Johnson who got a new refrigerator and then had no space to put it in the kitchen.***

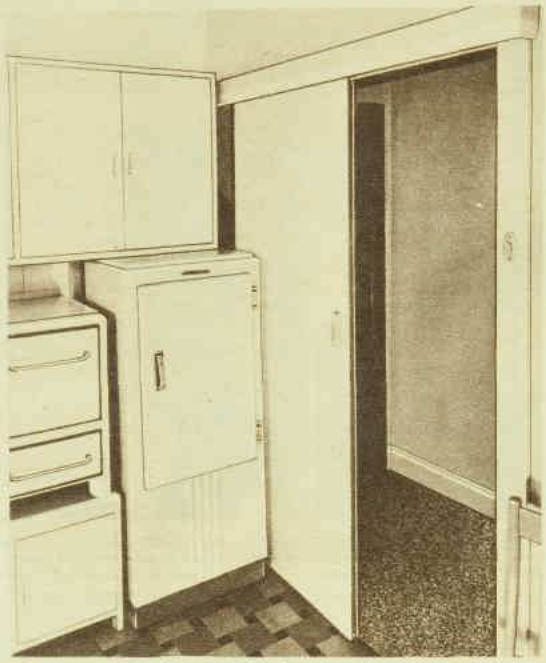
We showed her how sliding doors save space. Now the refrigerator stands where the kitchen door used to swing and the door *slides* behind the fridge cabinet.

***In only a few hours Mr. Johnson did the conversion himself.***

**SATURDAY:** The old door was taken off, the screw holes, hinge cuts and rebates filled and the whole lot given a coat of paint. Then the doorway was lined on three sides with a strip of 3 x 1 timber and painted.

The neat No. 205 Bangor sliding door Track was screwed to the wall beside the fridge—and covered with a neat pelmet, painted the same colour as the wall.

**SUNDAY:** A groove was routed in the bottom of the door, the concealed guide screwed in position, the hangers screwed to the top of the door and the job was done.



★ *Bangor Track is suitable for interior or exterior doors.*
★ *There is nothing on the floor to interfere with carpets.*
★ *Inexpensive—install it yourself in a weekend.*
★ *Any door old or new can slide on Bangor Track.*

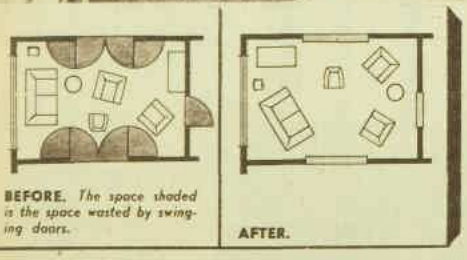
## Every sliding door on Bangor Track creates 9 sq. feet extra living space

**2.** ***The Nicholson's problem was a third baby girl in a two-bedroomed house.***

There just wasn't room for the cot in the nursery, unless it was awkwardly pushed against the other beds. A sliding door instead of a swinging one solved the problem here, too. It slides along beside the cot.

The sliding door is handier in other ways. It can't slam when left open at night. The toddler can't bump her head on the edge of the open door. Bangor works so smoothly the children can open the door themselves—there's no need for a catch.

*The Nicholsons covered their Bangor track with a Pelmet and painted a frieze of bunnies along it. It's a real decoration in the nursery.*



**BEFORE.** *The space shaded is the space wasted by swinging doors.*

**AFTER.**

**Here's how Sliding Doors save space**

**LOOK AT YOUR HOME**

**Aren't there a dozen places where sliding doors on Bangor Track could give you more space? Make that space yourself—next weekend.**

WORMALD BROTHERS LIMITED. (Please look up address of your nearest Wormald Brothers branch in the 'phone book.)

Please send the booklet that tells all about Bangor Track.

Name .....

Address .....

B-WW-2

**BANGOR Sliding Door Track**

A Product of Wormald Brothers Industries

AVAILABLE AT ALL HARDWARE AND COUNTRY GENERAL STORES

***TEENAGERS will like this easy-to-make beret and collar. White is suggested, but pastel shades of pique would be just as attractive. See directions for making below.***

# Attractive set

**Made in frosty-white pique, this smart beret and collar will be cool-looking accessories for summer frocks.**

HERE are directions for making the set:

**Materials:** 1yd. 36in. white pique, stiff muslin for interfacing beret; ⅝yd. petersham ribbon ⅞in. wide for beret hatband; ribbon rosette.

**To make:** Cut three 10½in. diameter circles for crown, 1 of muslin, 2 of pique (1 pique circle is used for facing); cut three bias strips for band, 3½in. x 29½in., 1 of muslin, 2 of pique (1 pique strip is used for facing); cut two 12in. squares of pique for collar.

Half-inch seams are allowed.

Fold each band piece in halves, short edges and right sides together. Measure ½in. in from edge of fold line and 2½in. down the fold, mark, and shape a dart by joining these two points. Measure off 3½in. from opposite end on each strip, mark, and from this point make a 1in.-wide dart the same height as the one at fold. Measure and mark two more evenly spaced darts the same size between the two already made. Transfer markings through to other side of each band.

Stitch darts on the wrong side on each band. Cut along folds and press open.

Baste a muslin interfacing section for the crown and band to corresponding pique section on the wrong side, then join the band piece, right sides together.

Join the interfaced crown and band section together, edges even and right sides together. Press seam open and stitch along each side.

For the facing join the other pique crown and band sections together in the same way, only omit the stitching on each side.

With seams and raw edges even, slip facing inside beret, right side out. Baste raw lower edges together. Bind raw edges with the petersham ribbon. Sew on rosette.

For the collar place the two squares right sides together, edges even. Measure off 2in. on one corner, diagonally. Trim off corner and join with a seam. Open squares and press seam open.

Fold squares diagonally through the centre of the seam, right sides together, edges even. Join edges, leaving an opening to turn collar, then slipstitch open edges together.

## Transfer motifs

A TRANSFER sheet with many lovely motifs, suitable for delicate embroidery on baby clothes, is now available from our Needlework Department.

Measuring 24in. x 28in., the sheet is covered with different-size motifs that can be used in many ways.

Easy patterns for a baby's layette are also available.

When ordering, please quote transfer No. 143—Baby's Layette. Price of transfer, 2/-. Layette patterns, 2/- post free.

Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department with a postal note for the correct amount. See address on page 55.

***MOTIFS like these are typical of the dainty designs included in transfer sheet No. 143, which is available from our Needlework Department.***

BABY DEAR




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4383592

# Lacy frock and coat for baby

**This dainty two-piece set for baby was specially designed for warm or cooler weather. The frock has short, lacy-patterned sleeves; the coat has a closely knit yoke and sleeve pattern that will keep baby cosy on cooler days.**

*DELICATELY patterned in a lacy design, this short-sleeved frock is ideal for indoors. For outings it can be worn with the matching long-sleeved coat. See directions this page.*

HERE are the directions for making:

**Materials:** 5 balls "Twin-Prufe" mothproof and shrink-proof baby wool; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles; 3 yards of narrow ribbon; press-studs.

**Measurements.—Coat:** Length from shoulder, 12in.; width all round under arms, about 20in.; sleeve seam, 6in. **Dress:** Length from shoulder, 14in.; width all round under the arms, about 20in.; sleeve seam, 2½in.

**Tension:** 8 sts. to 1in. in width, measured over the yoke patt.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; rep., repeat; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; m., make; inc., increase; dec., decrease; patt., pattern; beg., beginning; in., inch, inches.

### COAT

With No. 9 needles cast on 83 sts. and k 8 rows, then work in lace patt. as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, * k 1, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, k 2 tog., m 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

**2nd Row:** P.

**3rd Row:** K 3, * m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 3, rep. from * to end.

**4th Row:** P.

**5th Row:** K 1, * p 1, k 2, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 2; rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

**6th Row:** P 1, * k 1, p 7; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1.

**7th Row:** K 1, * p 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 1, k 2 tog.; rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

**8th Row:** As 6th.

Rep. last 2 rows once more. These 10 rows form the patt. Continue in patt. until work measures 8¾in. from beg., ending with a wrong side row.

**Next Row:** K 2, m 1, k 2 tog., * k 3, m 1, k 3 tog.; rep. from * to last st., k 1 (70 sts.). Now work in yoke patt. as follows:

**1st Row, Wrong Side:** K 2, * p 2, k 2; rep. from * to end.

**2nd Row:** P 2, * insert right hand needle through first st. and draw the second st. through and k it, then k the first st., p 2; rep. from * to end. These 2 rows form the yoke patt.

**Armhole Shaping:** Continue in yoke patt., but cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 54 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 12in. from beg. Cast off.

### RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 needles cast on 55 sts. and k 8 rows, then work in lace patt. as given for skirt of coat, but keeping 4 sts. at front edge in garter-st., until work measures 8¾in. from beg., ending with a wrong side row.

**Next Row:** K 4, m 1, k 3 tog., * k 3, m 1, k 4 tog.; rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 3, m 1, k 2 tog., k 1 (42 sts.). Work 2 rows in yoke patt.

**Armhole Shaping:** Cont. in yoke patt., but cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at same edge on every row until 30 sts. remain. Cont. without shaping until work measures 10½in. from beg., ending at neck edge.

**Neck Shaping:** Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at same edge on next 3 rows. Cont. without shaping until work measures 12in. from beg. Cast off.

### LEFT FRONT

Work as given for right front, but with all shapings and garter-st. border at opposite edges.

### SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 46 sts. and k 8 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and work in yoke patt., but inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 6th row until there are 54 sts. Cont. without shaping until work measures 6in. from beg., then shape top by dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams, then with right side of work facing you and using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 65 sts. round neck edge. K 3 rows, then cast off.

### DRESS — BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on 139 sts. and k 8 rows, then work in lace patt. as given for skirt of coat until work measures 10in. from beg., ending with a wrong side row.

**Next Row:** K 1, * k 4 tog., m 1, k 3 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. (70 sts.). Now work 4 rows in yoke patt.

**Armhole Shaping:** Continue in yoke patt., but cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 54 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 13½in. from beg., ending with a wrong side row.

**Neck Shaping. Next Row:** Patt. 20, cast off 14, patt. to end. Continue on last set of sts., but dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 2 rows. Work 1 more row. Cast off. Join wool to sts. for other side and work this to match first.

### FRONT

Work as given for back until armhole shaping has been completed, then continue without shaping until work measures 12in. from beg., ending with a wrong side row.

**Neck Shaping. Next Row:** Patt. 21, cast off 12, patt. to end. Continue on last set of sts., but dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows, then continue without shaping until work measures 14in. from beg. Cast off. Join wool to sts. for other side and work this to match first.

### SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 40 sts. and k 7 rows.

**Next Row:** K 4, * k twice into next st., k 2; rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3. Change to No. 9 needles and work in lace patt. until work measures 2½in. from beg., then shape top by dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 19 sts. remain. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

With right side of front facing you, and using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 38 sts. round neck edge. K 7 rows, then cast off. Work back neckband in the same way, but pick up 26 sts., instead of 38 sts.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew sleeves into coat, then sew up side and sleeve seams. Thread ribbon through holes at neck and waist. Join shoulder seams of dress for ½in. from armhole edge. Sew in sleeves, then sew up side and sleeve seams. Work 1 row of double crochet along each shoulder edge, then sew on press-studs to fasten. Thread ribbon through holes at waist. Press seams on wrong side.

## Miss Precious Minutes says:

AN ironing-board cover will be taut and smooth if it is put on while damp. Fit the cover to the board as snugly as possible, and when it dries it will shrink just enough to be skin-tight.

* * *

CUT down on ironing by using seersucker breakfast-cloths. Bound with contrasting bias tape, they are very attractive.

* * *

AFTER washing garments made of terry towelling, peg to the line with a generous overlap, then take the ends of the garments and shake briskly two or three times. They will dry soft, fluffy, and practically without wrinkles.

DON'T leave soapy water on the rollers of a washing machine, as in time it will soften the rubber. Instead, wash them with clear water and wipe dry.

* * *

LIGHTLY perfumed sheets are a luxury your family will enjoy. Just add a tablespoon of bath salts to the blue rinse. A few drops of cologne can be used in the rinsing water for undies.

* * *

THERE are many uses for flour, sugar, and salt bags, but they look better without the lettering. To remove lettering, sprinkle with kerosene, let stand overnight, then boil in strong suds.

## Post-natal care

**By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse**

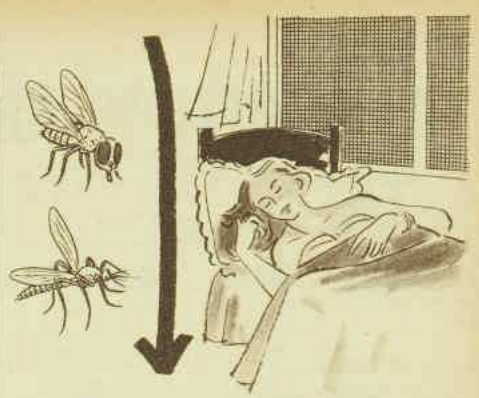
THE care required by a mother after the birth of a child is not always given proper consideration.

It takes six to eight weeks for the pelvic organs to return to normal, and during this post-natal period the breast-milk supply for the child becomes stabilised.

The rules observed in the pre-natal period should be followed.

Regular resting periods, early nights, a well-balanced diet, plenty of fluid between meals, and a walk each day in the fresh air, as well as special exercises to tighten the abdominal muscles should be part of the daily routine.

A leaflet giving suggestions for a healthy post-natal period can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

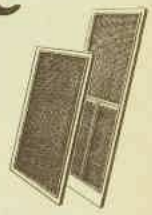



Windows wide open
Day and night
With never a buzz
And never a bite!

Screenwire doors and window screens keep flies, mosquitoes, all flying insects OUT, let fresh air IN. It's wonderful to sleep in peace . . . to cook, eat, relax, entertain friends undisturbed by irritating insect pests . . . to know your family — particularly young children — are protected from the danger of insect-carried sickness.

*Small outlay — big dividends in health and comfort with*

Cyclone
SCREENWIRE



Your hardware dealer stocks "Cyclone" Screenwire, and any joiner will quote for making doors and window screens. If you're home-building, have Screenwire protection included in the specifications.

CYCLONE COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

*Always look for the name*

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR, KNITWEAR AND SOCKS

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# VEGEMITE IS RICH IN THESE 3 VITAMINS

**your body can't store up!**

**VITAMIN $B_1$**
for healthy nerves

**VITAMIN $B_2$**
for firm body tissue

**NIACIN**
for good digestion, clear skin

## So Rich in Flavour!

Nutrition experts say you *must* give yourself a fresh supply of these vitamins *every day* to maintain your strength and general good health!

Delicious Vegemite is a rich source of these essential vitamins because it is a pure *yeast* extract . . . not an ordinary vegetable extract. Yeast is the richest known natural source of this precious vitamin B group. So enjoy Vegemite *every day* — delicious for all kinds of sandwiches and snacks. Vegemite also adds flavour and vitamins to cooked vegetables, soups, stews, gravies and casseroles.

**The 4 oz. jar of Vegemite contains more vitamin $B_1$, $B_2$ and Niacin than all these foods together!**

*2 loaves bread; 1 lb. steak; 1 lb. peas; 1 lb. potatoes; 1 bunch carrots; 1 lettuce; 6 apples; 6 pears; 2 pints milk; 2 plates porridge; 6 bananas and 12 eggs!*

Vegemite—available everywhere in 2, 4, 6, 8 and 16 oz. sizes. Made by Kraft.

KHV41


# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are on the trail of a gang of house thieves who steal homes while the owners are on holidays. Following the thieves who have stolen his house, Mandrake is recognised by one of the gang. He and Lothar are imprisoned in the house while the gang hoist it into the air by a giant dirigible. They climb up the cables holding the house as the building is dropped into a canyon thousands of feet below. NOW READ ON:

THEY CAN'T SHOOT AT US NOW-- WHAT WE DO? CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER-- WIND SO STRONG-- SO COLD--
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO DO RIGHT NOW--BUT HANG ON!
BUT THE HOUSE THIEVES MAKE THE NEXT MOVE--
PULL THEM UP HERE INTO THE CABIN! THEN WE'LL FINISH THEM! HAVE YOUR RIFLE READY---
YOU MADE A GOOD TRY --BUT YOU'RE THROUGH! WE'RE GONNA DUMP YOU OUTA HERE--
WAIT! DUMP US OUT OF-- WHERE?
AS THE THIEF IS ABOUT TO SHOOT, MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY--
--THE DIRIGIBLE CABIN SEEMS TO VANISH--THEY ARE ALL STANDING IN MID-AIR--IN SPACE--ABOVE THE CLOUDS!
Uh--!
WHAT THE--!
SUDDENLY--THE ILLUSION VANISHES--THE CABIN REAPPEARS ABOUT THEM!
AS YOU WERE! GUARD THEM, LOTHAR!
CHIEF--I'M TALKING BY RADIO TELEPHONE FROM A DIRIGIBLE! I FOUND THE STOLEN HOUSE-- I'VE GOT THE THIEVES--
WELL I'LL BE--!
THIS GIRL, WORKING IN A TRAVEL OFFICE, FOUND WHEN PEOPLE WERE GOING AWAY ON VACATIONS! THE GANG THEN STOLE THEIR HOUSE--WITH A DIRIGIBLE!
DARNEDEST THING I EVER HEARD.
WE'LL PAY FOR YOUR HOUSE, MANDRAKE. BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO RETURN ALL THOSE STOLEN HOUSES?
AN INTERESTING PROBLEM, CHIEF. BUT NARDA'S WAITING TO HEAR ALL ABOUT THIS, SO I MUST LEAVE.
FLY 'EM BACK WITH DIRIGIBLE THING.
NEXT WEEK, NEW ADVENTURE



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New Cream Deodorant

**SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS**

Even a daily shower isn't the answer to freedom from underarm odor. It can't stop the perspiration which causes this embarrassment!

So don't be half-safe — Arrid used daily protects two ways:

1. IT STOPS PERSPIRATION . . . safely, effectively . . . for 1 to 3 days.
2. IT STOPS UNDERARM ODOR on contact, keeps you bath-fresh up to 48 hours.

Arrid saves clothes from perspiration stains, rotting, and clinging odors. Arrid is safe for skin, keeps you safe from embarrassment, too.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant — Arrid.

ARRID TO BE SURE

**15 hairsets for 3/6**

*QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET*

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated *Curlypet* — squeeze *Curlypet* into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated *Curlypet* for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

*QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET*

CN.5

**ASTHMA CURBED 1ST DAY**

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco (from your chemist or store) to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and so give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

**Cherub shoes for children**

AT ALL GOOD STORES

TEENA by Hilda Terry
CONGRATULATIONS, TEENA! I GOT YOU A WONDERFUL PART IN A PLAY!! WE HAVE TO REPORT FOR A REHEARSAL RIGHT AWAY!!!
REALLY?
-'COURSE THERE'S NO MONEY IN IT.....IT'S JUST AN AMATEUR PRODUCTION, BUT AFTER ALL, YOU HAVE TO START SOMEWHERE!
OH, OF COURSE -BUT THE PART! WHAT'S IT LIKE?!!
IT'S - WELL - NOT TOO LONG - YOU ONLY HAVE TO LEARN ABOUT EIGHT WORDS - YOU'RE TO BE A MAID, SEE?...THIS IS A REALLY BUT TERRIFIC OPPORTUNITY, 'CAUSE IT'S A PART THAT REQUIRES JUST MILLIONS OF ACTING ABILITY-
AMATEUR THEATRE GROUP
-BUT DON'T WORRY- I'M GOING TO BE THERE TO HELP YOU EVERY MINUTE! I CONSIDER IT MY DUTY AS YOUR AGENT!!
OH, BUT REALLY, PIPSY -I DON'T THINK THAT'S NECESSARY -I MEAN NONE OF TH' ACTRESSES HAVE THEIR AGENTS WITH THEM ALL THE TIME-
IT MIGHT LOOK FUNNY.
I KNOW - I THOUGHT OF THAT, SO FOR YOUR SAKE, I NEGOTIATED A PART FOR MY SELF, TOO... LUCKILY-
-THEY JUST HAPPENED TO NEED SOMEONE TO PLAY OPPOSITE THE LEADING MAN-


**Keep your hands clean!**

**BEFORE any dirty work rub in "BARRIER" CREAM**

It's another wonderful FAULDING product

**Not a dirty mark on the towel!**

At work—at home—anywhere, any time, rub in "BARRIER" CREAM before starting any dirty work. Afterwards, hands wash clean with soap and water . . . see how free from ingrained dirt your hands are, without harsh scrubbing. Stainless "BARRIER" CREAM keeps your hands clean, smooth and protected.

. . . ALWAYS HAVE "BARRIER" CREAM ON HAND . . . . .

For Use in the Prevention and Treatment of Industrial Dermatitis and Skin Irritations. 3½ oz. Tube, 2/6; 4 oz. Jar, 3/-. At all Chemists and Stores.

**"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"**

SPEND THE WHOLE OF YOUR

**South Seas Holiday**

ON A PACIFIC ISLE

QANTAS FLIES YOU THERE IN HOURS.

Escape from the work-a-day world—to relax on the Pacific Island of your choice. It's all so near—by Qantas.

**FIJI.** Fly to the heart of Suva. See magnificent tropical scenery, native festivals, colourful bazaars. Enjoy modern amenities in good hotels. Fascinating tours available.

**NOUMEA.** Capital of beautiful New Caledonia, Noumea is famous for its hospitality and French "atmosphere." For a holiday with a foreign flavour, try Noumea.

**NORFOLK ISLAND.** One of the world's most restful spots, famous for its pine-clad slopes and leafy lanes. Comfortable accommodation. You can really relax on Norfolk Is.

*Regular Qantas services. Consult your Travel Agent.*

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**Ready to wear or cut out ready to make**

# Fashion FROCKS

**"LUCY" AND "MONA."** —An attractive figure-flattering petticoat-slip and tailored scanties. Both garments are lace trimmed. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel-pink, and pastel-blue.

**Ready To Wear: "Lucy":** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/9; 36in. and 38in bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

**"Mona":** 24½in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 28/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

**Cut Out Only: "Lucy":** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36in. and and 38in. bust, 29/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

**"Mona":** 24½in., 26-in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 21/3. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

*NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 33. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.*

**"DOROTHEA."**—A pretty one-piece dress with a cool, low-cut sleeveless bodice top and full skirt. The material is flower-printed summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes lemon, blue, and grey on white; mauve, blue, and grey on white; red, blue, and grey on white.

**Ready To Wear:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 71/3. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/9. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

NEW

**CARAVAN TO XANADU**

*By Edison Marshall*

**Marshall's new novel is the story of Marco Polo's adventurous youth, and of his thrilling journey to visit the great Kublai Khan.**

***Price 15/6 from all Booksellers***




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# Six ways to have him walking on air!

From the very first day, baby's well-being is completely in your hands. To help you in your task, however, are a number of dependable Nyal Baby Needs which make it easier for you — even on the most restricted budget — to give him the best care that money can buy. Shown here are six Nyal Baby Products which have an important place in every nursery.

NYAL Medicines provide safe, *dependable* treatment for the minor, everyday ailments that do not call for a doctor's attention . . . simple coughs and colds, teething troubles, and digestive upsets. NYAL Toilet Products are made with the same exacting care as the medicines, so that baby will always be soothed, comfy and happy.

NYAL

Sold only by Chemists

**NYAL BABY POWDER** A beautifully fine powder to keep baby's tender skin soft and free from chafing. Used after the bath, NYAL Baby Powder is soothing for ...ive young skin, because it actually resists moisture — and so lessens the chances of chafing — and because it contains a soothing, refreshing antiseptic. 2/-, 4/1.

**NYAL CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM** A new, modern formula which is especially useful in the treatment of diaper rash, cradle cap and urine scalds. Ideal, too, for daily skin cleansing and massage for babies and young children. Contains Calamine to help soothe pain and discomfort; Benzocaine to give instant relief from pain, irritation and itching; Lanolin to make the skin soft and supple. 2/3.

**NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP** Designed to give quick, soothing relief from coughs and colds. NYAL Baby Cough Syrup is pleasant-tasting, wholesome and dependable. Because it contains no opiates, NYAL Baby Cough Syrup can safely be given to babies from 3 months old. 2/9, 3/9.

**NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA** A teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each feeding prevents "wind" and helps digestion. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is thoroughly dependable — pure and safe, even for the youngest baby. 2/6, 4/3.

**NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE** Specially formulated for children between the ages of five and fourteen years. This pleasant-tasting syrup contains only the finest ingredients which help to soothe the throat and chest, and stop constant coughing. 2/9, 3/9.

**NYAL HONEY COUGH ELIXIR** Specially formulated for infants and children. Contains Ipecacuanha, Squill, Eucalyptus in a pleasant-tasting honey base. Soothes the throat; eases coughing; cuts phlegm; makes breathing easier. 4 fl. oz., 3/6.

*NYAL medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardized by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.*



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